

SHAKESPEARIANA.

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THE "FIRST HEIR OF" SHAKESPEARE'S "INVENTION."

WORDS are detectives, and, if not pushed to work beyond their normal limitations they are infallible detectives. Their report may not always, to be sure, settle the date at which a literary composition was actually composed. But that report will be very competent and very exact and perfectly reliable as to the date or dates at which that work was not or could not have been composed. As to a question of dates, therefore, the detective work done by words is the most valuable testimony we can take in settling issues which join themselves in the arena of comparative criticism. But, when this testimony is cumulated with, or opposed to, other and historical or biographical testimony (as I think is the case we are about to contemplate), these little detectives will perhaps be able to report to us, not only negatively at what date a certain literary work was composed, but negatively what individuals did not and could not have composed it; and so, possibly, by a constant exclusion, help us in determining matters of disputed authorship more and more positively and finally as we proceed.

Some eight years ago I published* a Glossary of Warwickshire dialect words in which I made a candid effort to satisfy myself as to whether Shakespeare actually wrote the poem *Venus and Adonis* or whether that poem should yield to the destructive processes of that Shakespearian criticism which has drawn the *Henry the Eighth*, the *Richard the Third*, *The Taming of A Shrew*, and parts of *Macbeth*, *Timon of Athens*, the three parts of *Henry the Sixth*, the *Pericles*, and so on, out of the real Shakespearian canon.

And in so doing I entirely failed to perceive, and still fail to perceive, that it is heterodox or unorthodox to, perhaps, doubt a little about Shakespeare's poems, when those Shakespearian commentators who assert the most Draconic sort of loyalty to Shakespeare against all

* *Papers of the New York Shakespeare Society*, Vol. II.: *Venus and Adonis—a Study in Warwickshire Dialect*. New York, 1885.

Baconian and other anti-Shakespearian theories, yet find Middleton, Marlowe, Drayton, and anybody else in the plays, and deliberately disseize Shakespeare of whole handfuls of the plays, from a line here and there to an entire scene or a whole act, in favor of those and several other Elizabethan dramatists. The fact that the disseizing is done, as to the poems, by the testimony of words, of biographies and of chronicle, while, as to the plays, it is done by the counting of "stopped" and "unstopped" lines (that is, by those inscrutable and unspeakable things called "verse tests") over which a large part of the modern English criticism has run itself amuck with almost every other kind of "criticism," does not, to my mind, make a case of loyalty in the one case and of treason in the other. Everybody knows (and if anybody does not know it a little perfunctory examination of the plays and of the title-page dates will instruct him) that Shakespeare, after a very short experience in play-writing, discovered that his actors could read his lines more effectively if written in blank verse than if written in rhyme, and so very soon abandoned rhyme altogether in writing his plays. (And if anybody will test it himself to-day he will see how much more easily blank verse can be delivered to action than rhyme can.) And this doubtless is the simple fact towards which the verse-testers are, in their clumsy and absurd and purblind way, laboring. Shakespeare's earlier plays were written in rhyme, his later ones in blank verse! That is the exact statement; and our useful friend, the average school-boy, knows that such is the fact. But the wild-eyed verse-tester, and ecstatic "stopped" and "unstopped" ending counter will rave like the Pythoness herself and chop whole Shakespeare plays out of the canon before he will bring up (as he has not brought himself up yet) to this extremely simple enunciation.

Without, therefore, any consciousness of disloyalty or heterodoxy, I printed, as I said, eight years ago, the best list I could collect together of Warwickshire words, tabulating my Glossary, for the sake of facile reference, into four parallel columns. In the first column I put an English classic or vernacular word; in the second, opposite it, the equivalent for it in the Warwickshire dialect; then in the third column I gave an instance of the use of this word in its Warwickshire dialect form in the Shakespeare plays; and in the fourth column, headed *Venus and Adonis*, I proposed to give any instance I could find of the use of that Warwickshire dialect form of the word in the poem, which, if we are to credit the dedication of that poem, was Shakespeare's first piece of literary work. That fourth column was blank!!! Not a single Warwickshire word was found in the poem except that, in the epithet "*urchin-snouted boar*," the word *urchin*, meaning a hedgehog, was certainly the Warwickshire dialect for hedgehog. But "*urchin*" was only Warwickshire by courtesy. For that word was the common name for the animal we call a hedgehog all over England, and in every

dialect of that country, and so more properly called a "vernacular" than a "*dialect*" word.

It seemed to me, therefore, that—since, as I have so often demonstrated, the title-pages of Elizabethan days were extremely unreliable, and dedications (as in the case of the celebrated "T. T." dedication to the sonnets) quite as often written by the publishers, to sell the book, as by the authors—the absence of Warwickshire words in the *Venus and Adonis* meant something. To make assurance doubly sure, I proposed awaiting the result of my tentative Warwickshire dialect glossary, however, before finally making up my mind: and while I should perhaps wait still longer, it occurs to me that pressure of other matters might intervene did I not file a sort of statement up to date, while time is at my service. I therefore record here that (except in the one instance of the valued communication from Mrs. Potts, mentioned hereinafter in its proper place) I find among the eight years' accumulations of examinations of my Glossary, and in the letters of many hundreds of kind correspondents, no errors noted and no deductions made (though many additions have been supplied me by their kindness) therein, and so I feel quite willing to testify that, up to date anyhow, in my opinion, it is a good deal more doubtful that William Shakespeare wrote the *Venus and Adonis* (and I am willing to say the same of the *Lucrece* and the *Sonnets**)—than that he wrote some of those plays, like *Henry the Eighth*, and the last half of *Timon of Athens*, of which the stopped-ending counters have disestablished him.

Before embarking upon the discussion before us, I am eager to admit that there is scarcely any form of evidence which affects all minds alike—and allowance for standpoint will always have to be made. Lawyers know that even the strongest kind of expert evidence can always be confronted with equally strong expert evidence on the other side, and that however conclusively the purest and most conclusive circumstantial evidence may affect the mind of impartial and negative examiners of it, there will never be wanting the popular cry as to "the dangers of circumstantial evidence" from those who forget that, dangerous as it may be where alternate constructions can be put upon it, pure circumstantial evidence is at least impartial and without motive, cannot be bribed, or intimidated, or scared, and so, if no alternate construction or explanation can be found, is absolutely safe so far as it goes. In his *Memoranda on the Tragedy of Hamlet*,† my lamented friend Dr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps remarks: "Those who have

* Why will not some reader of SHAKESPEARIANA subject the *Lucrece*, the other poems and the Sonnets to the same tests as I have given to the *Venus and Adonis* with a view of finding Shakespearian words in them? SHAKESPEARIANA will be very glad to print the results of his investigations.

† Privately printed 1879.

lived as long as myself in the midst of Shakespearian criticism will be careful not to be too certain of anything." With such a caution from so eminent and venerable an authority, most younger men will wish to keep alertly on their guard against foreclosing themselves. I have not lived in the midst of Shakespearian criticism (or controversy—for all Shakespearian criticism appears to be controversy, and always I suppose will be, since it seems impossible to make any assertion or to announce, however disinterestedly or calmly, any discovery in that field without its being presently disputed), as did Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, but still desire to "be careful not to be too certain of anything." I therefore submit with diffidence the following study of the evidence presented by certain words in a poem which William Shakespeare declared to be the first heir of his invention—by which we understand that he meant that it was the first thing he ever wrote—not for their philology, but for their proof of vicinage, so to speak. Were they ever heard, or employed, that is to say, in the precincts wherein William Shakespeare wrote, if he wrote at all, the *Venus and Adonis*? I shall not be disappointed if this evidence convinces nobody. I simply present it because it has convinced *me*.

Everybody remembers the expressive dialect spoken by Mrs. Poyser in George Eliot's novel of *Adam Bede*. George Eliot lays the story of her novel in Loamshire, which it appears is intended to be recognized as Leicestershire. But "it must not be inferred," says Dr. Sebastian Evans, of the English Dialect Society, "that Mrs. Poyser and the rest of the characters introduced into *Adam Bede* speak pure Leicestershire. They speak pure Warwickshire; and, although the two dialects naturally approximate very closely, they are far from being identical in pronunciation, grammar or vocabulary. The truth is that George Eliot was herself Warwickshire born, and used the dialect, in the midst of which she had been reared, for her Leicestershire characters; which was not much of a solecism seeing that the two had so many points of contact."

But if the English George Eliot heard in her village among her neighbors in her youth was Warwickshire English, it could not have been a much purer speech than her young fellow-shireman, William Shakespeare, heard in his day—almost three centuries earlier. There was not much of an Academy, not much of a cult, in Stratford town, to purify the burgher's patois in Shakespearian times. Nay, even up at the capital—in London—it was very little, if any, better than down in Warwickshire. The members of Elizabeth's parliament could not comprehend each other. This was long before there was any standing army in England. (Falstaff might have been marching through Coventry with his pressed men at about that time.) But when the soldiers Elizabeth summoned were grouped in camps, they could not understand the word of command unless given by officers from their own

particular shire. And—with Stratford grammar school, or any other grammar school in full blast—the urchins were not taught English, rigorously as they might be drilled in Lily's *Accidence*, and in the three or four text-books prescribed by the crown. Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps and Mr. Furnivall and the industrious Mrs. Stopes have each prepared lists of these text-books. But, amongst them all, there is not one that suggests instruction in the mother tongue. *That* the aforesaid urchins were supposed to learn at home, if they learned it at all. And at home, as well as in this grammar school (now held sponsor for so much of the occult and elaborate introspection and learning of the plays), it is absolutely impossible that the lad Shakespeare acquired or used any other dialect than the Warwickshire he was born to, or that his father and mother, their coetaneans, neighbors and gossips, spoke. For demonstration of this statement the credulous need not rely on the so-called Shakespearian epitaphs and lampoon on Sir Thomas Lucy with their dialect puns on the names of John a'Coombe ("John has come") and Lucy ("Lowsie") [which were doubtless written by that worthy lunatic John Jordan, who so amply fooled—in his time—the ponderous Malone, Boswell, Ireland and their contemporaries], but are referred to any competent chronicle of the times themselves. In fact, there is no converse to the proposition at all. It is as one-sided as a proposition in Euclid.

When William Shakespeare, then at about eighteen, went up to London, he must have been, like Robert Burns—fluent in the dialect of his own vicinage. We know that when, later in his life, Robert Burns tried to abandon the patois in which he had earned immortality, and to warble in urban English, "he was seldom" (says his most careful biographer, Principal Shairp) "more than a third-rate, a common, clever versifier." In considering the question whether William Shakespeare still continued to use the Warwickshire dialect or lost it in London, we must make up our minds to leave his Plays out of the question. For, in the first place, a play is a play. It is the representation of many characters in a juxtaposition where the identity of each must be exaggerated to preserve the perspective, and to tell—within the hour—the story of days or years, as the case may be. And this perspective must be shaped by experiment, altered and amended by actual representation, made to fit the date, the circumstances, the player, and the audience, and all this is the work of many hands and many brains. Except from the direct testimony of contemporaries or of an author himself, therefore, to conclude that this or that author wrote himself into any one character of any play, is, and always must be, purely and fancifully gratuitous. In the second place, the Shakespeare plays contain not only Warwickshire, but specimens of about every other known English dialect. And quite as much of any one as of any other. It is a statement not to be by any means left out of the

Shakespeare authorship problem—this exact phenomena of the dialect. For the condition in life implied by a man's employment of one patois would seem to dispose of the probability of his possessing either the facilities or the inclination for acquiring a dozen others. The philologist or archæologist may employ or amuse himself in collecting specimens of dialects and provincialisms. The proletarian, to whom any one of these dialects is native, will probably be found not to have that idea of either bread-winning or of pastime.

There are a great many strange things about these plays. They make a classical Duke of Athens mention St. Valentine's Day, and send a young girl to a nunnery—they have pages and king's fools figuring in Alcibiades' time. Pandarus speaks of Sunday and of Friday at the siege of Troy; there are marks, guilders, ducats and allusions to Henry IV. of France, to Adam, Noah and to Christians, in Ephesus in the time of Pericles; a child is "baptized" in *Titus Andronicus*; Mark Antony comes to "bury" Cæsar. There are knaves, and queens and "trumps" and "graves in the Holy Churchyard" in Cleopatra's capital, and there are always Frenchmen and Spaniards in plenty for the audiences which expected them, whether the play were in Cypress or Epidamnium, or Rome, or Athens; whether the days were ancient or contemporary, France and Spain were the countries with which England was oftenest at war, and which, therefore, it was most popular to disparage. The Frenchman and Spaniard were relied upon to make the groundlings roar again, pretty much as in New York to-day, we have a plantation negro or a Chinaman, as indispensable for certain audiences. But in these same plays, however a Roman or a Bohemian may use an English idiom, there is no confusion in the dialects when used as *dialects*, and not as vernacular. The Norfolk man does not talk Welsh, nor does the Welshman talk Norfolkshire, nor does the Welshman Sir Hugh Evans, who lives in Warwickshire, use Welsh-Yorkshire, but Welsh-Warwickshire, patois. The dictionary makers assure us that there are thousands upon thousands of dialect words in the plays, or to be exact, thousands upon thousands of words not dialectic *per se* but used in their local senses. Moreover, sometimes, these words will be used in their local or dialect, and in their pure or vernacular sense in the same play, or even in the same passages. Of this I shall give some examples later on, but it seems proper to note here that at least once in the plays Shakespeare introduces a dialect, *quoad* dialect, in a locality where it does not belong, and so calls attention to it and the contrast between it and the speech of the other characters present. The occasion referred to is, of course, where Edgar meets Oswald in the fields near Dover and disguises his speech by using the Somersetshire dialect.*

* *Lear*, IV., vi., 210. Bankside notation, Q. 2438. F. 2648.

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Darest thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest!

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass.
An chud ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long
as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che
vor ye, or ise try whether your costard or my ballow be the harder:
chill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins.

On another occasion he uses mere jargon:

"Throca, movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo * * * villanda par,
carbo, cargo * * Boskos vauvado. Kerelybonso * manka revania
dulche * * Oscorbidulchos volivorco, accordo linta.* * * Bosko
chimurcho. Boblibindo cher murco,†

which the soldiers invent to confound Parolles not only with proof of his own cowardice and treachery, but with his ignorance of the language in which he claimed proficiency (which is interesting, however, in now and then steering into the vicinity of a resemblance to a known language). But these episodes prove that Shakespeare knew perfectly well what a dialect was and that the dialect of one section of England was unintelligible to the native of another (is in fact to-day—to such an extent that I am assured that one of the difficulties at first experienced in the use of our American invention of the telephone—and a very considerable one—arose from this source).

All this is accounted for by our knowledge of London in the days when Shakespeare was writing the plays, its cosmopolitan character, and the motley crowds on its narrow streets. He did not need to take them—at least it is apparent that he did not take them—out of books already in print, as he did his plots and situations. His characters were all there, and he photographed them. But how, when he himself was a provincial, and came up from Stratford—when he himself was one of the motley throng in those same narrow streets? Our question does not arise as to the *Sonnets*, if the "Sonnets printed in 1609 were the 'Sugred Sonnets among his private friends,'" of which Meres makes mention, which only appeared in 1609, seven years before Shakespeare's death, when he had become rich and—doubtless endowed with that culture which wealth can bring—may have used most unexceptionable urban, courtly and correct English.

But that poem, *Venus and Adonis*, which its dedication declares to have been the very "first heir of" the "invention" of William Shake-

* *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV. i. 71, etc.

† *Ib.*, IV. iii-141.

sppeare; surely, if written in Warwickshire and by a Warwickshire lad who had never been out of it, it ought somewhere to contain a little Warwickshire word to betray the precincts of its writer and its conception!

Richard Grant White loved to imagine young Shakespeare, like young Chatterton, and many another young poet, coming up to London with his first poem in his pocket.

"In any case, we may be sure that the poem," he says, "was written some years before it was printed; and it may have been brought by the young poet from Stratford in manuscript, and read by a select circle, according to the custom of the time, before it was published."

If William Shakespeare wrote the poem at all, it would seem as if Mr. White's proposition is beyond question so far as mere dates go. But if the result of a Glossary of the Warwickshire dialect, as paralleled with the poem, was to discover no Warwickshire in a poem written by a Warwickshire man in Warwickshire, or soon after he left it to go elsewhere, it would look extremely like a corroboration of the evidence of the dates by that of the dialect.

The Glossary—while, of course, sharing the incompleteness of all dictionaries of current provincialisms—is at least quite complete enough to prove the existence of a Warwickshire dialect to-day; and, inferentially, what must have been the barbarisms of that dialect three centuries ago. But by that Glossary it certainly did appear:

First.—That there is and was a Warwickshire dialect.

Second.—That this dialect occurs in every one of the admitted Shakespeare plays.

Third.—That a specimen of this dialect appears to occur in the poem, *Venus and Adonis*, in but one single instance; that is to say, less than in any other work with which William Shakespeare's name is associated (except, perhaps, the *Lucrece*—which is intentionally left at this time unexamined).

But—as to proposition second—we have now to demonstrate:

(1) That this Warwickshire dialect does not occur in the plays to the exclusion of other dialects; and—as to proposition third—that (ii.) the single instance in which Warwickshire dialect apparently occurs in the poem is apparent only; the word apparently local being actually not only not exclusively Warwickshire, but a corruption traceable to a Latin original.

Says an authority on this matter:

"A glance through almost any of the plays will convince the reader that the poet had not only an extensive familiarity with, but a partiality for, words in provincial use in these (the northern and border) counties. Such words as the following:—*greet* (to cry or weep), *sag* (to hang down), *shive* (a slice), *sliver* (a noun, a small

branch, and verb, to tear off), *neb* (the beak), *brock* (a badger), *biggen* (a night-cap), *pick* (to pitch or throw), *scale* (to spread, as manure), *side* (adjective, wide loose), *clean* (adverb, entirely), *leather-coats* (apples), *clap* (to pat or tap), *chare* (a job of work), *flapjack* (a pan-cake),—and many others, are terms 'familiar in the mouth as household words' in the North of England." * * *

Take again "the common adverb *soon*. In such passages as the following,—'Soon at five o'clock I'll meet with you,' (*Com. of Err.*, I. ii. 26); 'Soon at supper shalt see Lorenzo,' (*Mer. of Ven.*) II. iii. 5); 'Come to me soon at after supper,' (*Rich. III.*, IV. iii. 31); 'You shall bear the burden soon at night,' (*Rom. and Jul.*, II. v. 78); 'We'll have a posset for 't soon at night,' (*Merry Wives*, I. iv. 8), and a dozen more, it is evident from the context that 'soon' cannot have its common meaning of 'in a short time.' Antipholus bids his servant go to the inn.

"The Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee;
Within this hour it will be dinner time."

He then invites his friend, the First Merchant, to dinner:—

"What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?"

To which the Merchant replies:—

"I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit;
I crave your pardon. *Soon at five o'clock*,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time."

Now, bearing in mind that noon is the universal dinner-hour in Shakespeare, *six hours* must intervene ere they meet again, which could hardly be called "soon." An examination of the other passages will present the same inconsistency.

The fact is that "soon" in these passages is a pure provincialism. Mr. Halliwell, in his *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words*, tells us that in the West of England the word still signifies "evening;" and Gil, a contemporary of Shakespeare, a head master of St. Paul's School, declares that the use of "soon" as an adverb, in the familiar sense of "betimes," "by and by," or "quickly," had, when he wrote, been eclipsed with most men by an acceptance restricted to "night-fall."

* * * The word "fettle" is another pure Northern provincialism, meaning to *get ready, prepare, dress one's self*. Many a time have I been told by my father "to *fettle* myself and go to school," '*fettle up* for church," etc. It is used both as an active and a neuter verb; and Shakespeare has given it its exact signification in *Romeo and Juliet*, III. v. 154:—

"But *fettle* your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church."

The very singular word "pheeze" occurs twice in Shakespeare, and has bothered the commentators exceedingly; some explaining it = to beat, others = to drive. In the North of England they have an old word pronounced *phaze*, meaning generally to *make an impression upon, to arouse, stir up*. It is commonly used in such expressions as "I called the man a fool, but it never *phazed* him." "I hit the door with all my might, but couldn't *phaze* it." In *Taming of the Shrew*, (Ind., i. 1), Sly says to the hostess, "I'll *pheeze* you, in faith," that is, I'll stir you up, I'll startle you; and in *Tro. and Cres.* (II. iii. 215), Ajax says, "An a' be proud with me, I'll *pheeze* his pride," meaning "I'll make an impression on him, I'll *bring down* his pride."

Another Northern peculiarity is the use of the term *wife* for a woman in general without any reference to the conjugal relation, in the same way that *femme* in French and *frau* in German are occasionally used. The Saxon is *wif*, mulier, femina; Bede uses *wif-cild* for a female infant. In *Henry V.* (Act V., chorus) we have—

"Behold the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with *wives*, with boys."

Where "wives" is surely not confined to married women, but includes women of all ages and relations. * * * In Diana's speech in *All's Well* (IV. ii. 74):

"Since Frenchmen are so *braid*
Marry that will—I'll live and die a maid."

Here "braid" is evidently derived from the Scotch *braid*, but has a more comprehensive meaning than our *broad*, applied to both language and actions, oftener to the latter. *Impudent* comes fairly near to it, but is not quite forcible enough, while *lustful* is perhaps in the other extreme. A man was said to be "braid" whose behavior among women was audaciously gross or insulting, or who had a noted character for making improper advances, or for taking saucy liberties. I recall hearing such expressions as these: "John, you munnot be sae braid, noo," or, "He's far ower braid to keep my company." The word "braided," however, is no relative of "braid." "Braided" was always a word applied to goods or wares, and meant *dirty, tumbled, crumpled up*. Soiled or damp clothing, carelessly put away, was said to come out *braided*; that is, in braids, wrinkled, or creased. It was applied also to cheap or second-hand articles, especially of haberdashery. It will be remembered that the shepherd's son, in *Winter's Tale* (IV. iv. 204), asks if Autolycus has any "*unbraided* wares;" generally supposed a press error for "*embroidered* wares," which is the reading of Collier's *Corrected Folio* of 1632. But I have never been able to divest myself of the impression that he rather means any new, fresh, unsoiled wares—wares that are nice and untumbled, and not second-hand goods.

In SHAKESPEARIANA* Mr. J. N. Langlin (from whom we have obtained much data as to the concurrence of Warwickshire expressions in other English dialects in the following table) has pointed out the examples of Hallamshire dialect in the plays.

* May, 1884.

Breeds with—to resemble (*Meas. for Meas.*)—

"She speaks

And 'tis such sense that my sense *breeds with* it."

Among Yorkshire peasantry, to breed with, or to breed of, is constantly used for "resemble;" thus: "She breeds of her mother, her uncle," etc. Sometimes pronounced *braid*.

Bar—to prohibit, exclude, forbid. In *King John* (III. i.) we have—

"When law can do no right

Let it be lawful that law *bar* no wrong."

Barm—yeast (*Mid. N. D.*, II. i.):

"And sometimes make the drink to bear no *barm*."

A common word in Essex and Eastern counties.

Brag—to boast (*Rom. and Jul.* I. v.):

"Verona *brags* of him."

Chuck—a term of endearment (*Macbeth*, III. ii.):

"Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest *chuck*."

Cower—to cower down, to be abashed (2 *Hen. VI.*, III. ii.):

"No splitting rocks *covered* in the sinking sand."

Grime—make black.

"My face I'll *grime* with filth." (*Lear* II. iii.)

Heps or *Hips*—pods of the dog-rose (*Tim. of Ath.*, IV. iii. 398):

"The oaks bear mast; the briars scarlet *hips*."

Make the door. i.e., *fasten* it—pronounced *mack* (*Com. of Errors*, III. ii.):

"And doubts not, sir, but she will make excuse

Why at this time the doors are *made* against you."

Crack—to boast (*Love's Lab.*, IV. i.):

"And Ethiops of their sweet complexion *crack*."

Favour—to resemble (*Jul. Cæs.*, I. iii.):

"And the complection of the element

It *favours* like the work we have in hand."

Gates—a sort of expletive, meaning *manner, way* (*Twelfth Night*, V. i.):

"* * * * * If he had not been in drink he would have tickled you *other gates* than he did."

So, too, in *King Lear*, Edgar says: "Go your gate." "Get your gate"—a kind of friendly dismissal. "Go your way" is a very common expression in Yorkshire. Where is the Yorkshire child who has not been told to "get out of my gate"?

Mammocks—Small pieces of anything. Shakespeare has it a verb (*Cor.* I. iii.):

"He did so set his teeth and tear it!—O, I warrant how he *mam-mocked* it."

Scotch—to strike with a thin stick.

"We have *scotched* the snake, not killed it."—*Macbeth*.

Stalled—suspected (*Jul. Cæs.*, IV. i.):

"Which out of use, and *stalled* by other men,
Begins his fashion."

Tickle—tottering, easily overturned (*Meas. for Meas.*, I. iii.):

"* * * Thy head stands so *tickle* on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off."

II.—The single entry I was able to make in the *Venus and Adonis* column of my Glossary is the expression "The Urchin-snouted Boar" (*i.e.*, the boar with a snout like a hedgehog). But "Urchin," with this meaning, is certainly as old as the French-English glossary of Palsgrave, the tutor of Mary, sister of Henry VIII. ("Disclarcessement de la Lange Francoise-Angloys.") It occurs (spelled *Urchon*) in the early English Psalter (Psalm CIII., v., 18), and is traced by Skeat to a source even earlier than either, viz.: the latin *circius*. Mr. Langlin (in his paper on the "Provincialisms of Shakespeare" in *SHAKESPEARIANA* for May, 1884), says that "urchin" occurs in every English dialect of which he can find a trace, in the sense of "hedgehog." Curiously enough, however, the word is only used in the plays, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, (like urchins, ouphes and fairies, IV., iv., 49), the only actual Warwickshire play in the works, and, again, in *Titus Andronicus* (II., iii., 101), in the sense of a "goblin" or "sprite," a usage unknown not only in Warwickshire, but—so far as Skeat and other English etymologists have been able to discover—in any other dialect.

Nor can it be said that, in treating the classical theme, no opportunity occurred for employment of words and idioms peculiar to local dialects; the growth of the necessity in the expression of rustic wants and emergencies only. The fact is exactly in this instance the reverse. For example: In line 657, Venus calls jealousy a "carrytale," that is, a gossip or telltale. There happen to be (as we see from our table) two Warwickshire words, "chatterer" and "pickthanks," for this descriptive. The latter is used in the plays in 1. *Henry VI.*, iii., 2, while in *Love's Labour's Lost* (V., ii., 464), it appears as "mumble news." But for the picturesque compound "carrytale," certainly no recourse to any dialect was had. And again—whenever the dialect consists in the usage rather than the form of the word—the word is used in the plays, sometimes in the common and sometimes in the local sense; but in the poem, always in the proper and usual sense. For example: We have seen what "braid" and "braided" mean in the plays. But in *Venus and Adonis* we have the root as we employ it to-day: "His ears uppricked—his braided, hanging mane." To proceed: In the plays we have the word "gossip" continually, sometimes in the sense of a "God parent" (which is Warwickshire and other provincial usage), and

sometimes in the ordinary sense, to express which a Warwickshire man would have said "pickthanks" or "chatterer." The word "chill," which, in Warwickshire, means *to warm*, to take the chill off of, is used in that sense once (*As You Like It*, IV., v., 56), but everywhere else in its ordinary sense of to touch with frost, or to cool. Again, any musical instrument is called in Warwickshire "a music," and here in the single play of *Hamlet* we find it so used ("Let him play his music," II., i., 83), while everywhere else the word has its usual meaning. Side by side in *Macbeth* we find the word "lodged" used in its vernacular meaning of providing with sleeping quarters ("There be two lodged together," II., ii., 26), and in the Warwickshire sense of corn that a heavy storm has ruined. ("Though bladed corn be lodged," IV., i., 55.) Not to multiply instances, which the reader can select for himself from Mrs. Clarke's concordance, or (still more accurately) from Dr. Schmitt's *Shakespeare Lexicon*—note that in *Henry VIII.* "stomach" is used in the sense of a masterful, or overbearing disposition, as in Warwickshire to-day; as the name of the proper digestive organ; again in the sense of appetite; and, yet again, to mean valor or spirit, just as in *Richard III.* the word "urge" occurs side by side in its good old English meaning and anon in its present Warwickshire sense of to irritate, annoy or tease; and never are the above instances of double usage by way of a pun or play upon the words themselves.

It further appears that there are in this entire poem of eleven hundred and ninety-four verses scarcely a score of words to comprehend which even to most ordinary English scholars of to-day would need a lexicon. But on examining even these words, it will be found, precisely as in the case of the word "urchin," that they have a source entirely outside of Warwickshire or any other one dialect—are, in fact, early English words, mostly classical; never in any sense local or sectional. The following schedule renders this apparent.

- Banning (326)—Cursing. The word is used in this sense in *Lucrece*, line 1460, *2d Henry VI.*, 4, 25, and is so used by Gower, *Confessio Amatis*, (1325,) ii., 96, *Laymon*, (1180,) ii., 497, and is good middle English.
- Bate-Breeding (655)—In the sense of a stirrer up of strife. Bate in the sense of *strife*—is middle English—occurs in the *Coventry Mysteries*, p. 12, and is the origin of our word *debate*.
- Billing (366)—Is the act of birds putting their bills together. It is impossible to trace it further back than *Laymon*, who wrote, perhaps, about 1180.
- Clepes (995)—She clepes—she calls him—in its various forms of clepe, to call, yclept, called, named, is so old that it was even practically obsolete before Shakespeare's time, or at least pedantic.
- Coasteth (870)—To coast—to grope one's way—a beautiful metaphor—to sale or steer as by sounds or lights on a coast: to

move as a ship does in the dark—gropingly. Venus guides herself by the sound.

Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

A boy, Stratford born, whose first journey was to London, would know nothing of the sea coast.

Combustions (1162)—A good, though not a common English word.

Crooked (134)—Had, long before Shakespeare's day, assumed the meaning, which is now reappearing, i. e., out of the ordinary—ill-favored, dishonest, ugly in person or character—is of Scandinavian or Celtic origin.

Divedapper (86)—A dab, chick, a species of grebe, a small bird common all over England, sometimes printed *dapper*; the only dialectic form is the Lincolnshire "dop-chicken."

Flap-mouthed (920)—Long lipped—like a dog—as old as Piers Plowman, (B., vi, 187, 1396.)

Fry (526)—Meaning the spawn of fishes, is Scandinavian. "To the end of the FRI mi blissing graunt i." To thee, and to thy seed, I grant my blessing.—Wyckliffe's bible.

Jennet (260)—Comes from the Spanish, and is used repeatedly in the plays.

Lure (1027)—In the sense of decoy or call. Used in Chaucer, *Canterbury*, 17,021. Middle English.

Musits (683)—Musit is a hole in a hedge. It comes from the French *musser*, to hide, conceal, and is nowhere a local word.

Nuzzling (1115)—To root, or poke with the nose, as a hog roots. Older than Shakespeare and not yet obsolete.

O'er strawed (1143)—Overstrewn. In Anglo-Saxon means to put in order. Used in Palsgrave; also in the plays frequently.

Rank (71)—A poetical use of the word, applying it to a river overflowing its banks.

Scud (301)—In the sense of a storm, or a gust of wind. This is an English provincial (though not a Warwickshire) word. In the sense used in the plays, to carry, or run along. It is of Scandinavian origin.

Teen (808)—Used by Chaucer in *Canterbury Tales*, 3108. Anglo-Saxon in its oldest form. In Icelandic it appears as *tjon*, means *sorrow* or *woe*.

Trim (1090)—"Of colors trim." To apply this word (meaning of course *neat*) to colors is a poetical, not a local usage.

Unkind (204)—A poetical use—she died unkind, that is, died a virgin—original here.

Wat (697)—Is a familiar term for a hare; similar to Tom for a cat, Billy for a goat, Ned for an ass, etc. In old English it was spelled wot. It occurs in Fletcher, thus: "Once concluded, out the teasers run all in full cry and speed, till WAT's undone." But strange to say, it does not appear to linger, if it ever was used, in Warwickshire.

In line 870 occurs a remarkably beautiful analogy, on which alone an essay might be written. The line runs, "And all in haste she coasteth to the cry."

Here Venus is represented as catching the cry of the hunt in the distance, and endeavoring to come up with it guided by her ear alone. To express this, the poet selects a word which brings up the image of a ship steering along a coast, blindly, as if fog-bound; groping its way by means of signs or sounds on shore. Is it possible that a poet not a seafaring man, nor himself familiar with a seacoast or the habits of mariners, whose whole lifetime had been passed in an interior county, should have employed this figure? The word *coasteth*, in this analogy, cannot be found in English literature earlier than the poem, and probably it has never been used elsewhere from that day to this, except in *Henry VIII.*, supposed to have been written fifteen years later ("The king in this perceiveth him, how he coasts and hedges his own way"—III. ii. 38). Now *Henry VIII.* is the play which Spedding, Gervinius, Fleay, and the English verse-testers, think was written in great part by Fletcher. But Scene 2 of Act III., where the above lines occur, is by nearly all of these gentlemen assigned to Shakespeare.

But as to even what unmistakable traces of Warwickshire the plays present the commentators are unable to agree. While, for example, Mr. King * urges that the use of "old" for *frequent*, by the drunken porter in *Macbeth*, proves the Shakespearian authorship of the porter's soliloquy, Coleridge† dismisses the whole soliloquy as containing "not one syllable" of Shakespeare. "The low soliloquy of the porter," says Coleridge, "and his few speeches afterwards, I believe to have been written for the mob by some other hand, perhaps with Shakespeare's consent, and finding it take, he—with the remaining ink of a pen otherwise employed—just interpolated the words, 'I'll devil porter it no further; I had thought to let in some of all professions that go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.'" However, of the rest not one syllable has the ever-present being of Shakespeare." But he fails to notice the almost literal repetition of the sentiment in *All's Well that Ends Well* (IV. v. 54): "They'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire."

Of course, dialect is used almost wholly by the low comedy characters of the plays, and in the comic situations. And we must remember that while the source of the plot of almost every play is known, and the original of many of the speeches, in Hollingshead and Plutarch and elsewhere, yet, of these comic situations, speeches, dialogues and personages, no originals can be unearthed by the most indefatigable commentator. Whatever else the dramatic writer borrowed, these—so far as any traces exist—we find to have been his own. Yet in these very plays, side by side with the patois of the clowns and wenches, the English language rose to flights the sub-

* *Bacon and Shakespeare, a Plea for the Defendant.* Montreal, 1877.

† *Literary Remains*, ii. 246-7.

limity of which it was but once more—in the King James version of the Scriptures—to attain.

But to return to the *Venus and Adonis*, which preceded all these. In stanzas 56, 86, 87 and 122, the author employs similes drawn from legal principles and the conveyancer's craft. Had William Shakespeare been a lawyer or a lawyer's clerk in Stratford before ever seeing London? Again, in stanza 60 the author uses similes drawn from stage usages. Had William Shakespeare been connected with matters theatrical in Stratford, and before he ever saw London? Among the scholars and writers of Elizabeth's day there might have been a lack of confidence in the power and strength or the perpetuity of the English language. Bacon, for one, lived and died disbelieving in his mother tongue. He was constantly expressing his distrust in it. He went to the utterly superfluous expense of employing experts to put his ponderous works into Latin, in order that "the next ages" might read them. But the writer of the Shakespearian plays had no lack of confidence in or distrust of the vernacular. He was not a purist himself, but he used the plays as a means of convicting—at least of ridiculing—the absurdities, affectations and errors of his countrymen. The bombastic speeches of Pistol were inserted to burlesque the fustian of his contemporaries. Even the very early play of *Love's Labor's Lost* was aimed at the Euphuists, and everywhere—in such characters as Holofernes, Malvolio, Armado, and dozens of others—he raked fore and aft the absurdities and eccentricities of the pundits and word-quibblers of Elizabethan society; in Beatrice's speech we see him poking fun at the H displacement.*

As to pronunciation: "In the Warwickshire dialect," says George Eliot, "the vowel always has a double sound, the *y* sometimes present, sometimes not; either *aäl* or *yaäl*. *Hither* not heard except in 'c' moother addressed to horses. *Thou* never heard. In general the 2d person singular not used in Warwickshire, except occasionally to young members of a family, and then always in the form of *thee*—that is 'ee.' For the emphatic nominative—*yo* like the Lancashire. For the accusative, *yer* without any sound of the *r*. The demonstrative *those* never heard among the common people (unless when caught by infection from the parson, etc.); *self* pronounced *sen*. The *f* never heard in *of*, nor the *n* in *in*. Not *year* but *ear*. On the other hand, with the usual 'compensation' *head* is pronounced *yead*.

* The pith of Beatrice's answer to Margaret's

"For a hawk, a horse or a husband."

"For the letter that begins them all,—H,"

undoubtedly referred to the pronunciation of the word "ache" as H or *aïch*. But there would have been no opportunity for it, had not "the displacement" been then as now, proverbial.

"'A gallows little chap as e'er ye see,
Here's to you, master.
Saam to yo.'"^{*}

And she might have added that *H*'s were misplaced then as now, and *V*'s and *W*'s were also transposed, though more frequently in the city of London than elsewhere. But as we do not know how Elizabethans pronounced "Venus and Adonis" we need go no further into that, unless to find a vowel sound or a quantity exclusively and peculiarly of Warwickshire.

Of course *Venus and Adonis* might have been written in the Warwickshire dialect by a man not Warwickshire born and bred. But would the converse proposition be true? Could *Venus and Adonis*—as we have it—have been written by one Warwickshire born and bred in the reign of Elizabeth, who had not been first qualified by drill in the courtly English in which we happen to find that poem written?

A man of education and culture; one practised in English composition may forge the style of a letterless rustic. Thackeray, in his *Yellowplush Papers* and Lowell in his *Bigelow Papers*, have done it; and so have Charles Dickens and hundreds of others. But could a letterless clown forge the style of a gentleman of culture? Tennyson could write *The Northern Farmer* in Lincolnshire dialect. But could a Lincolnshire farmer, who knew nothing of any vernacular except the Lincolnshire, have written the *Princess*, or *Maud*, or *In Memoriam*? Or could an actual flunkey, in the Yellowplush grade and station, have written *Vanity Fair* or *Pendennis*? And if they could have done it *after* training, could they have done it without the opportunity for training? A great many wise and eminent people, no doubt, may have left Warwickshire in mid-England for London in Elizabeth's day earlier than even the period of posts or coach roads. Did learned men journey *into* Warwickshire to carry the culture of the court there? Nothing is more natural for the lover and worshipper of Shakespeare than to resent any suggestion or hint as to a possible want in his—William Shakespeare's—equipment. But it was not certainly William Shakespeare's fault that he was deprived of resources and opportunities, not only not at hand, but not to arrive until some centuries after his funeral. The best school to which he could have been sent—and the only one which his biographers have ever been able to assign him—was a grammar school in Stratford; but the idea of anybody being taught English grammar—let alone the English language—in an English grammar school in those days is utterly inconceivable. There was no such branch, and mighty little of anything in its place, except birchen rods, the Church catechism, the Criss Grow Row and a few superfluous Latin declensions out of Lily's *Accidence*.

^{*} *George Eliot's Life*, edited by J. W. Cross, iii. 219. New York, Harper & Bros.

In the only Shakespeare's play whose scene is laid in Warwickshire there happens to be a travesty upon the method of instruction pursued in these very Elizabethan "Grammar Schools." Here it is:

MASTER.—Come hither, William, hold up your head. Come, William, how many numbers is in nouns?

WILLIAM.—Two.

M.—What is fair, William?

W.—Pulcher.

M.—What is lapis, William?

W.—A Stone.

M.—And what is a stone?

W.—A pebble.

M.—No, it is lapis. I pray you remember in your prain.

W.—Lapis.

M.—That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

W.—Articles are borrowed of the pronoun, and be thus declined: Singulariter nominitavo, hic, hæc, hoc.

M.—Nominitavo hig, hag, hog; pray you, mark, genitivo hugus. Well, what is your accusative case?

W.—Accusatavo, hinc.

M.—I pray you have your remembrance, child. Accusatavo: hing, hang, hog. What is the vocative case, William?

W.—O; vocative, o.

M.—Remember, William, focative is *caret*. What is your genitive case plural, William?

W.—Genitive case?

M.—Ay.

W.—Genitive: horum, harum, horum.

M.—Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns.

W.—Forsooth, I have forgot.

M.—It is qui, quæ, quod; if you forget your quis and your quæs and your quods, you must be preeches.*

Is this a wanton and utterly unfounded attack upon a worthy, honorable and conscientious profession and an excellent educational system, or the verbatim report of an eye-witness? Let us see. There is no exactly contemporary testimony; but in 1634 the author of the *Compleate Gentleman* says that a country school teacher "by no entreaty would teach any scholar farther than his (the scholar's) father had learned before him. His reason was that they would otherwise prove saucy rogues and control their fathers." In 1771, when Shakespeare had been dead a century and a half, John Britton, who had attended a provincial grammar school in Wilts, says that the pedagogue was wont to teach the "Criss Cross Row," or alphabet, as follows:

TEACHER.—Commether, Billy Chubb, an' breng the horren book. Ge ma the vester in tha wendow, you, Pat Came. Wha! be a sleepid!

* *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act IV., Scene 1.

I'll waken ye! Now, Billy, there's a good bwoy, ston still there, an' min whan I da point na! Criss cross girta little A B C. That is right, Billy. You'll soon learn criss cross row; you'll soon avergit Bobby Jiffry! You'll soon be a schollard! A's a purty chubby bwoy. Lord love en!

It could not have been much better in William Shakespeare's boyhood days than in 1634 and 1771. Says Mr. Goadby: "It is evident that much schooling was impossible, for the necessary books did not exist. The horn-book, for teaching the alphabet, would almost exhaust the resources of any common day school that might exist in the towns and villages. The first English grammar was not published until 1586." * Even Furnivall (who, whatever his eccentricities, cannot be accused of being a disbeliever in the Shakespearian authorship of the plays) says: "I think you would be safe in conceding that at such a school as Stratford, about 1570, there would be taught (1) an A B C book, for which a pupil teacher or ABCdarius is sometimes mentioned as having a salary; (2) a catechism in English and Latin, probably Nowell's; (3) the authorized Latin grammar, *i.e.*, Lily's, put out with a proclamation adapted to each king's reign; (4) some easy Latin construing book, such as Erasmus' *Colloquies*, Corderius' *Colloquies*, or *Baptista Mantuanus*, and the familiar *Cato* or *Disticha de Moribus*." † Says Dr. Halliwell-Phillips: "Unless the system of instruction (in Stratford grammar school) differed essentially from that pursued in other establishments of a similar character, his (Shakespeare's) knowledge of Latin was derived from two well-known books of the time—the *Accidence* and the *Sententiæ Pueriles*, . . . a little manual containing a large collection of brief sentences, collected from a variety of authors, with a distinct selection of moral and religious paragraphs, the latter intended for the use of boys on Saint's days. . . . Exclusive of bibles, church services, psalters, etc., there were certainly not more than two or three dozen books, if as many in the whole town (Stratford-on-Avon). The copy of the black-letter English history, so often depicted as well thumbed by Shakespeare in his father's parlor, never existed out of the imagination." ‡

But even had there been books, it seems there were no schoolmasters in the days when young William went to school who could have taught him what was necessary. Ascham, who came a little earlier than Shakespeare, said such as were to be had amounted to nothing, and "for the most so behave themselves that their very name is hateful to the scholar, who trembleth at their coming, rejoiceth at their absence, and looketh him returned as a deadly enemy." § "Milton (who came

* Goadby's *England of Shakespeare*, p. 101.

† *Int. to Leopold Shakespeare*, p. 11.

‡ *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, 3d ed., pp. 55-57.

§ *Works*. Bennet's Ed., p. 212.

a little later) says their teaching was "mere babblement and notions."* "Whereas they make one scholar they mar ten," says Peacham, who describes one country specimen as whipping his boys on a cold winter morning "for no other purpose than to get himself into a heat."† In fact, the birch-rod seems to have been, from the days of Ascham, at least to the days when Sergeant Ballantyne and Anthony Trollope went to school, the principal agent of youthful instruction and instructors in England. Thomas Tusser, a pupil of Nicholas Udal, master of Eton, says he used to receive fifty-three lashes in the course of one Latin exercise.‡ Sergeant Ballantyne (whose schooling must have been somewhere *circa* 1810-1820) said that his teachers were cold-blooded, unsympathetic tyrants, who "flogged continuously"§ and taught nothing in particular. And Anthony Trollope's experiences as related in his autobiography, and Charles Reade's, as related in his memoirs by his brother, are directly to the same effect.

The conclusion is that a maximum of caning and a minimum of parrot-work on desultory Latin paradigms which, whether wrong or right, were of no consequence whatever to anybody, was the village idea of a boy's education in England for long centuries, easily inclusive of the years within which William Shakespeare lived and died. The great scholars of those centuries either educated themselves, or by learned parents were guided to the sources of human intelligence and experience. At any rate they drew nothing out of the country grammar schools. In other words, the forcing systems of Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt, or of that eminent educator Wackford Squeers, Senior, seem to have been, so far as the English branches are concerned, improvements on the methods of rural pedagogues in the sixteenth century. We are not advised whether or no the boys were taught to cipher, but if they were it probably exhausted their scientific course. At any rate, beyond the horn-book, very little reading and writing could have been contemplated in a land where, from a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, to the eighth year of George the Fourth, immunity from the penalty of felonies was granted to any one who could make profert of those accomplishments.||

But, while there is not much of an argument to be drawn from the use of a language, idiom, dialect or patois, in a literary composition; the absolute absence of any trace or suggestion of any of these may be worthy of very serious consideration indeed in searching for the nativity and vicinage of a writer. A linguist born and resident in

* *Works*. Symond's Ed., London, Bentley, 1806, Vol. III., p. 348.

† *Goadby's England of Shakespeare*, p. 100.

‡ Udal was convicted of immoralities with his boys, and confessed it; but his confession did not stand in the way of his promotion.

§ *Some Experiences of a Barrister's Life*, p. 100.

|| Benefit of clergy was only abolished in England by Act 8, Geo. IV., ch. 28.

France, for example, could hardly be demonstrated to be a modern Greek from an occasional or even a constant use of that speech in his books. But, supposing that, in the course of very voluminous writings, no trace or suspicion of a single French phrase, idiom, word, peculiarity, turn of expression, or tendency could be unearthed? Would it be safer to conclude that he was or was not a Frenchman? Again, even geniuses like Goethe or Tennyson might perhaps pause in their composition to choose a word that would scan in their prosody; or between one that would rhyme and one that would not. Poetry has its artificial as well as its natural laws. And it is not, perhaps, too heroic or too bizarre to infer that so perfect a poem as *Venus and Adonis* was, as to its form, as well as its method and matter, considered by its author. A London born poet, searching for a rhyme, might well—with all England's picturesque dialects before him—select a Yorkshire or a Warwickshire word as precisely to his need. Videlicet Thomas Hood, in his *Miss Kilmansegg*:

"A load of treasure? alas! alas!
Had her horse but been fed on English grass
And shelter'd in Yorkshire *Spinneys*
Had he scorn'd the sand with the desert Ass
Or where the American whinnies—"

That was because—we will say—Mr. Hood happened to want a rhyme for "whinnies." But, while nobody would dream of trying to prove that Hood was Warwickshire or Yorkshire born because he used the word "spinneys," which word is common to both dialects, yet would it have been possible for him, had he been Warwickshire or Yorkshire born—in the course of his search for rhymes—never, in all he wrote, to have taken advantage of a quantity, rhyme or vowel sound to which his ears had been habituated and his tongue attuned, by birth and heredity, or for an entire lifetime—of a single picturesque phrase, or word that was to him mother tongue? Could he have cut loose, any more than could Burns, from the characteristic, the birth-mark, the shibboleth, of his race and kind? If Burns was unable, after a metropolitan drill, to lose his native patois, is it perfectly likely that William Shakespeare, a couple of centuries earlier in English history, could have done it on the instant, without a day's metropolitan training?

If *Venus and Adonis* was written by William Shakespeare at all, certainly Mr. Richard Grant White is right in saying that it was written either in Warwickshire or very soon after its author left that county for the great city in which he made his name and fortune, the city which to-day honors him as its most immortal citizen! Did this country lad of eighteen or nineteen, while getting his bread at, as some say, the theatre doors by horse-holding—at any rate in some exceedingly humble employment—manage at the same time to forget his Warwick-

shire dialect? Whether he found teacher in the city or not, or whether he taught himself, we cannot tell. But the marvellous thing is, after all, that he should be conscious of his own linguistic disability. The rule is apt to be quite the other way. The dialect speaker sees keenly the absurdity of another man's patois, but is inclined to think himself speaking his own tongue in its classical purity, nor can he recognize his own solecisms in print. I remember reading somebody's comments upon a series of novels whose scenes were laid among what we in this country call "Hoosiers" (that is, the descendants of settlers who, at a



TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
Henrie VVriothesley, Earle of Southampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.



Ight Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my vnpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the worlde vvill censure mee for choosng so strong a proppe to support so vveake a burthen, onely if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highly praised, and vowe to take aduantage of all idle houres, till I haue honoured you vvith some grauer labour. But if the first heire of my inuention proue deformed, I shall be sorie it had so noble a god-father: and neuer after eare so barren a land, for feare it yeeld me still so bad a haruest, I leaue it to your Honourable suruey, and your Honor to your hearts content, vvhich I wish may alvvayes answere your owne vvish, and the vvorlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,

William Shakespeare.

very early day, soon after the War of the Revolution settled in what was then called the "Western Reserve," and in the then scarcely settled forests obtained a speech which they bequeathed with more or less refinement to their posterity—possibly the nearest correspondence to the English dialects which exists in the United States) as follows: "I have been assured by a well-educated Hoosier that the dialect in Mr. Eggleston's Indiana novels had not the slightest foundation in fact, and the assurance was given in tones which to me were exactly represented by the printed page. Conversely, to a Scotchman the

written dialect of Burns seems perfect, but to the eye of an Englishman, who could not correct the impression by experience, this written dialect would convey a very false idea of the fact." But, of course, the answer to all these considerations is, simply, that the lad with whom we are dealing was William Shakespeare, and no other. And to analyze a phenomenon and show wherein it was not normal and commonplace, is to deny that it is a phenomenon at all!

Whether the Shakespearian plays are the monographs of one man or the composite work of many, the order in which they were produced is equally immaterial; and gentlemen who invent "chronologies," "periods," "orders" and "groups" for them are simply amusing themselves. If we possess Lord Tennyson's exquisite *Idylls of the King* in their completeness, whom does it concern whether they were or were not composed consecutively? It would be like sitting down to Sancho Panza's banquet to be told we may not read *Romeo and Juliet* without first absorbing *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*—or must refrain from our *Hamlet* until we have waded through those formidable—although now and then, exquisite—*Sonnets*. But if we are to know anything at all about William Shakespeare, boy and man, the date and authorship of his *Venus and Adonis* is vastly important. If the foregoing pages contain anything worthy the name of Internal Evidence, or infer or suggest the existence of any evidence of any sort: in the absence of a better explanation of such evidence, would not the following conclusions be on the safe side? viz.:

I.—That the poem *Venus and Adonis* is apparently the monograph of a poet able to confine himself to the most refined, most splendid and courtliest of these dictions—and to resist any temptation of vicinage, heredity or contemporary or dialectic corruptions.

II.—That, to quote the words of Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, it is better "never to be too certain of anything" in matters Shakespearian.

I doubt if there would be much of a demurrer to these two conclusions, either from Shakespearians or Baconians. There has been none brought to my attention from the first class; while, from the other, I have a letter from Mrs. Henry Pott, of London (who, although I am unable to agree with her in many of her beliefs, at least is not given to sweeping statements, and is apt to verify with minute research such statements of contemporary matters as she is willing to make), in which she assures me that, of the five hundred and eighteen words enumerated in my Warwickshire glossary, there are only forty-six which are not as current in Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Lincolnshire and Leicestershire, and, perhaps, many other English counties, as they are in Warwickshire. "Of the forty-six," Mrs. Pott continues, "which we do not recognize as common to the southern and eastern counties, not one is to be found in the plays."

The result of this statement, for which I am sincerely obliged to

Mrs. Pott, need not militate against a possible theory that a Warwickshire man, who had never been out of Warwickshire, could have, perhaps by some supernatural communication, written *Venus and Adonis*. It has some bearing, however, on the theory that a Warwickshire man wrote the Plays.

If all of the above, or any part of it, is evidence, then the only existing pieces of external evidence that William Shakespeare wrote the *Venus and Adonis* are the title-page, which we give as a frontispiece, and the Southampton dedication. But, admitting the title-page, this dedication, I have shown elsewhere, is not at all satisfactory. I have gone into this at such length elsewhere * that it would be supererogation to rehearse it all again. But it appears by the analysis I then attempted that the dedication of poems to Lord Southampton was rather the rule or the fashion of the time than otherwise; that the fact that the publisher was Richard Field, a townsman of Shakespeare's, is not altogether as conclusive as it appears, since it is unlikely that Southampton should have sent Shakespeare to his own countryman, a poor and unknown printer, when there were fashionable printers and court printers, and printers who knew Southampton and whom Southampton knew, in plenty in London. And moreover, the story of the thousand pounds gift from Southampton to Shakespeare, and the alleged intimacy of the peer and the poet are merely imaginary facts, and the figments of a fancy which long ago yielded to the searchlight of modern methods of investigation. Of the dilemma which is thus presented I was discussing, at that time, the other horn. But I should be glad to know, if this poem was written by Shakespeare, why Field printed it, and if Field was Southampton's printer, why he (Field) printed no more Shakespeare Quartos?

APPLETON MORGAN.

* Vol. XIV., *Bankside*, Int., p. xlviii. *seq.*

THE BANKSIDE REFERENCE CANON OF THE SHAKESPEARE PLAYS—A PLEA FOR ITS ADOPTION
FOR ALL THE PLAYS.

WE Americans are in the habit of saying that "time is money." We seldom squander it without occasion. Our lavishness is generally in the hope of some return, either in the way of instant pleasure, or remoter but expected benefit. This is true of all sorts of intellectual time-spenders, but of none truer than of the student of literature. For the field is vast, the bounds of a long lifetime are scarcely sufficient for the satisfactory prosecution of a single branch of research; and as the night draws on and the shadows lengthen few of us care to halt in our review of the ripe golden hoards to winnow away mere chaff, or be otherwise wanton spendthrifts of the precious light that remains. To such, even the waste of minutes is an annoyance, unhappily, too often demanded of their patience.

I propose now, in a practical talk to practical fellow-students, to make a plea for a reference canon of the Shakespeare plays, with a uniform system of notation applicable to all critical reprints of the Folio or Quarto texts—and perhaps in making my plea, to vent a little spleen upon a grievance from which most of us have too often suffered, namely, the scantiness and faultiness of existing codes of literary reference. Historian, biographer, essayist, can all bear witness to the weary hours of search, the pages thumbed, the shelves emptied, to verify some phrase, or perchance a single word, which the behest of criticism demands to be accurately rendered. This is especially the case with the Shakespearian student; for if he be not content to take all his knowledge at second hand, if he be not willingly led by the guide—blind or purblind, it may be—whose hand first grasps his own, if he be ever so slightly devoted to that most enticing and exacting of all branches of critical study which deals with textual intricacies, and which spreads out in review all the opulent stores of philological acumen in the search for the one bit needed to fit, mosaic-wise, into the finished work—he is at each moment driven to ransack the original authorities, in whatever form they may be accessible to him.

One of the most helpful and hopeful phases of modern critical science is the steady progress toward supplying trustworthy authorities for this class of study. A century ago the few who realized the need of comparative research among conflicting texts had little more than happy accident to depend upon, according as fate kindly set in

their way, or unkindly withheld, some musty folio or wormy quarto, where, in a passage affording a perfect parallelism of sense, lay the very word required to solve a doubt. To-day our shelves are crowded with reprints, aiming at an ever-increasing accuracy of reproduction and collation. The labor of learned associations, the Camden, the Percy, the Early English Text, and the Old and New Shakespeare Societies, has been supplemented by the arduous toil, and too often the material sacrifices, of individuals who, like Arber and Grosart, reproduce the treasures of ancient bookdom, until the most casual investigator of our time is far better equipped off-hand than were the Theobalds and Malones, the Steevens and Giffords, of three or four score years since.

With the abundance of material, a nicer dependence upon selection and an accurate use of it become more and more imperative. The day of slipshod emendation, of silent adaptation ("convey, the wise it call"), and of unauthorized revision, is gone by. The student has not only the indefeasible right, but the increasing opportunity, to follow step by step the process by which a given critical text of Shakespeare is formed, and bear the testimony of his own good judgment to the soundness of the result, or to revert, himself, to the fountain-heads of authority and weigh equalities with judicial severity.

True, some of the most eminent teachers of Shakespeare hold that it is no business of the student-reader to be studious; that the relation between them is necessarily that of master and disciple, of preceptor and neophyte, not of guide and co-worker. Leo says of the duty of an editor of an ideally perfect text that "Every passage that has succeeded in establishing its title to respect, either by the agreement of the old editions or of later emendators, should be adopted in the text, without the slightest mention of all the arguments for and against, which have hitherto been bandied about respecting it. The mention of them is not of the least advantage to the public, and does not at all advance the purification of the text." * Hudson, peace be with his soul, in his hard-headed, brawny-handed way, lays about him right and left in this wise: "If any one says that common readers, such as at least ninety-nine persons in a hundred are and must be, should have the details and processes of the work put before them, that so they may be enabled to form independent judgments for themselves;—I say, whoever talks in this way is either under a delusion himself, or else means to delude others. It may flatter common readers to be told that they are just as competent to judge for themselves in these matters as those are who have made a lifelong study of them: but the plain truth is, that such readers must perforce either take the results of deep scholarship on trust, or else not have them at all; and

* F. A. Leo, *Coriolanus*, London, 1864, p. vi.

none but a dupe or a quack, or perhaps a compound of the two, would ever think of representing the matter otherwise." *

Such utterances alike deny the right and refuse the opportunity of general critical study, by summarily crowding the many who enjoy and seek to understand Shakespeare into the herd of "common readers." Therein lies the fallacy, for the true reader of Shakespeare is rarely of the common classes to whom Hudson addresses himself. The interest to follow the wonder-working Magician through the rush and clash of his metaphor, to be lifted up with him toward the unapproachable and descend with him into the deepest depths of the human soul—and the consciousness that, while it is the voice of a god that speaks, it is a voice that makes us co-heirs of its godhood as it in turn shares the infirmities of our manhood—do not belong to the common reader. Shakespeare is not readable in the same way that a morning newspaper or a society novel is. We read him somehow as we do the Bible; with reverence and faith. And it is just here that the dogmatic teachers go astray; they hold that the Shakespearian canon and text are to be regarded with awe, that not one jot or tittle is to be disturbed, overlooking that it is often their own canon, the mundane creation of their own emendatory judgment, that they set up and into the divinity of which they would forbid the scrutiny of the common scholar. For we have no Shakespearian canon, coming down to us with all the sanction of centuries of undisturbed completeness, and made, through daily association from earliest childhood, the occasion of exposition and comment until its phraseology and inmost import become so woven into our lives that it is a recognizable and immutable standard, as is the case with the Bible. We seem to read the Bible without effort or conscious analysis, until we fancy that its truths come home to us of their own force without exegesis or gloss, but we lose sight of the potential traditions of accumulated early associations, that cling around every familiar word and image, and insensibly aid in building up the meaning into a connected whole. We do not pause to recall, if indeed we ever heeded, the fierce dissensions of the scholiasts as to the right or wrong translation of the words or their title even to a place in the sacred text—the sonorous English of King James' revisers is for us *the* Bible-word, fresh and unalterable from the lips of Deity—and its meaning is that which our fathers and mothers gave it. With such traditional and venerable sanctity attaching to a canonical text, it is easy to comprehend the feeling of shrinking pain, the sensation of being, as it were, passive spectators of a sacrilege, with which the masses look upon the late Revised Version. Not even the hands of those who guide the Ark of the Covenant may be put forth to touch it with impunity, though it be to steady it.

* Hudson's *Shakespeare*, Boston, 1881, Vol. I., p. xvi.

Not without amusement could we fancy as many Bibles as editors of the text—some with the Apocryphal books, some without, some eclectically made up from both sources—here an important doctrinal passage omitted, there another inserted, as the varying codices might permit or the erratic predilection of the editors suggest—now the Talmudic legends used to elucidate the Scriptures, now the Avesta-Zend or the Koran cited to illustrate the assumed common origin of some dogma or parable; and therewithal the wildest latitude of verbal alteration and structural adaptation, apparently obeying no other criterion than the announcement of the editor that “Moses undoubtedly meant to say thus and thus,” or “Whatever the scribe may have seemed to make Isaiah say, he never could have intended to write nonsense.” Imagine our reverence and faith pinned upon a Bible that had undergone successive editings by Warburton, Pope and Johnson, elaborate textual criticism by half a score of Becketts and Zachary Jacksons, and wholesale emendations after the whim of the “Old Corrector” of some Perkins-Collier codex. Might not the common reader who took interest enough in such a text to follow it, endeavor to fathom its problems for himself and weigh probabilities in the balance of his own judgment, even to the extent of rashly venturing now and again on some neat little conjecture of his own?

It is probably too late to hope for the adoption of a Shakespeare text to which the masses may give belief and respect in something the same way they have done to the King James version. Two centuries of editing—God save the mark—have familiarized mankind with the process as far as Shakespeare is concerned, while the absence of such editing for three centuries during which the English language has grown around the Holy Book itself, as it were, thrusting its tendrils into the very substance of it and sucking thence revivifying strength, has made the Bible a thing beyond light change. But is it too late also to hope for a Shakespearian canon so firmly fixed and so generally accepted as to make it as rash to foist *Edward III.* or the *Two Noble Kinsmen* into the series of plays as it would be to include Maccabees, Tobias or Baruch in some new edition of the Scriptures? If individual whim or reliance upon the application of some abstrusely arbitrary test is to determine—from time to time, with varying results according as the old test varies or new tests are devised—what is or is not Shakespeare, may we not look for some edition in the near future with *Mucedorus*, *Faire Em*, or *Arden of Feversham* cheek by jowl with *Timon* or *Cymbeline*—and should we be more tolerant toward such an innovation than our fast tradition forbids us to be to the inclusion in the Sacred Canon of the sublime morality of Jesus, Son of Sirach, or the rich poesy of The Book of Wisdom?

It is evident that a Shakespearian canon of some kind is needed by scholars, and if nothing more can be done—if no Council of Laodicea be practicable—let the consensus of two centuries constrain us to

adhere with some show of reverence to the First Folio, with perhaps the addition of *Pericles* from the Third Folio. A fairly safe canon is found in the First Folio, for Heminge and Condell were something more than accidental editors or interested holders of floating copyrights—they were fellow-actors with Shakespeare, partners with him in his venture of the “Gloabe on the Bancke-side,” and presumably as competent as any men then to be found in King James’ England to announce what plays were legitimately owned by the Company and received and acted by them and their associates in the firm belief of the Shakespearian authorship and under the sanction of the Shakespearian name. Canon or not, in the strict sense of the term, the 1623 Folio is our only warrant for thirty-six dramatic compositions of the later Elizabethan and early Jacobean age, under the authentication of a competent and legitimately interested authority, which certifies to them as Shakespeare’s.

No wonder, then, that this Folio should be the object of especial veneration. There is, to the true Shakespearian, a sacredness about every line and letter of that volume. Its punctuation, barbarous and riotous as it is, and its uncouth orthography, too, may often suggest plausible construction of doubtful passages, and its very errors are of value because conveying a clue to the resolution of *crucies* found elsewhere in the volume and due to the like “iniurious stealthes” of the type-setters. There is, in short, no one book on the student’s shelves to which he must oftener have recourse. And, unless he has, as the outcome of long years of patient reading and collation, gotten the volume almost by heart, and acquired the knack of putting his finger readily upon any given passage, I, with all earnestness, venture to say that there is no book of reference extant in which it is harder for him to find his place, unless it be a quarto of one of the plays.

Opportunity to consult the First Folio text has been much facilitated by means of reprints of more or less accuracy and more or less popular in character. There are at the present time four accessible reproductions of the whole work, which claim to be in fac-simile, although none of them is absolutely so.

The first attempt was made in 1807, under the editorship of Francis Douce, a genial and painstaking student. Elaborate preparations were made for the work, a special paper being contributed by Whatman with the name of “Shakespeare” and the date “1806” (in some instances “1807”) distinctly watermarked. The typographical peculiarities of the original were preserved, even to the errors, as well as was practicable without possessing the identical and badly mixed fonts from which Jaggard and Blount printed their Folio. The title-page with the Droeshout portrait was re-engraved with great care, and so faithfully has the Face been “writ in brasse” that several imperfect copies of the genuine title have been pieced from the Douce reprint. The volume was issued in 1807 by E. & J. Wright, and was

heralded as immaculate; but it soon fell into somewhat undeserved disrepute through the laborious effort of William Upcott, of the London Institution, Moorfields, who, at the instigation of the devil and of Professor Porson, devoted 143 days of close attention to a minute collation of the reprint with a copy of the First Folio. His purpose would not seem to have been wholly disinterested, for we first find him coyly dallying with the greatly alarmed booksellers, to one of whom, Arch of Cornhill, he parted with his list of 368 errata in exchange for a fresh copy of the "pretended" reprint, and thereafter he is discovered hawking the copy so acquired, with all the errata fairly written with a pen, for six guineas—not, truly, a munificent recompense for his "four months and twenty-three days" of misapplied toil which, as we learn from his note in the corrected volume,* ended "Jan. 28, 1809, at three minutes past 12 o'clock." Upcott's copy, with his collations, is in the library of Horace Howard Furness, in Philadelphia.†

As is shown by a later writer in *Notes and Queries*,‡ only about forty of the errors detected by Upcott have any marked influence upon the text, and of these only half, or less, can be dignified as "readings." The work, of which 250 copies were printed, has become almost as infrequent as a genuine First Folio, and, except in the larger libraries, is inaccessible to the common student.

In 1862-64, Mr. Lionel Booth put forth the well-known type-reduction of the 1623 Folio. The Cambridge Editors say of it, "It is probably the most correct reprint ever issued."§ Equal precautions against error were probably never before taken. Trustworthy report traces up, through Mr. Sabin, of New York, the assurance of Mr. Booth himself that the proof-sheets had been submitted to the eight best proof-readers in London before they were struck off. The Droeshout portrait, the head ornaments, tail-pieces and initial letters are photo-engraved reductions; the rest is simply reprinted, closely imitating most, but not all, of the typographical peculiarities of the original, even to broken letters, "wrong-font" types, "space-up," etc. But there it stops. The form of the reduced square-quarto page, which is broader in proportion than the Folio, and the "face" of the much smaller type, do not suggest the appearance of the original volume.

The claim to accuracy of the Booth reprint is deservedly high. The publishers, in 1864, on issuing the third part containing the Tragedies, announced that no errors had been pointed out that "have not, on examination, proved to have been errors or misconceptions on

* *Notes and Queries*, Series I., Vol. VII., p. 47.

† Article in *American Bibliopolist*, June, 1875.

‡ *Notes and Queries*, Series III., Vol. VII., p. 139.

§ Cambridge edition, Vol. I., p. xxvi.

the part of the critics."* And more than twenty years of crucial study, such as no volume of like size and pretensions has ever before undergone, have left its substantial accuracy unimpaired. There are unquestionably variations here and there from original copies and from the later photo-lithographic reproductions; none, however, of any importance have been, so far as is known, fixed upon the reprint. And these variations, insignificant as they are, do not necessarily impute want of exactness to the proof-readers of Booth's text, for individual copies of the First Folio differ among themselves more widely than the Booth reprint does from any one of them. Collation of many among the three or four hundred copies of the Folio known to exist indicates that, like most of the books of its time, it underwent correction while passing through the press, and suggests its existence, according to Dr. Ingleby, in at least three states, which he designates as being respectively, of the First, Second and Third Periods.†

Mr. Booth's proof-readers had (as Mr. Booth writes me) seven copies more or less perfect, to refer to in case of doubt as to a letter,‡ and this great reprint is therefore an eclectic and not a fac-simile. Without this explanation, I should have said, by Dr. Ingleby's test, that the Booth Reprint was taken from a Third Period copy, such as is the Grenville copy in the British Museum. *The Bankside* has followed

* Preface to Part III., p. 4 (in large paper-copies).

† " . . . let me say, that all copies of the first Fo. fall into *three classes*.

"The earliest have a peculiar pagination of the *Histories*, and two misprints in *III. Henry VI.*

P. 153 is misprinted 163.

P. 164 is misprinted 154.

Also (but not peculiar to these)

165 [is misprinted] 167.

166 [is misprinted] 168.

And on P. 172, col. 2 (i.e. *III. Hen. VI.*, V. 7, 25 and 27) and is misprinted add, and kis is misprinted 'sis.

"The next later issue has these two misprints also; and

P. 165 is misprinted 167.

and 166 is misprinted 168—

but it has not the two errors of pagination already specified as peculiar to the earliest issue.

"The latest issue has 'and' 'kis,' and I have found a perfect uniformity of paging and mispaging in all the copies that have those two words correctly. . . . Lord Ellesmere's copy belongs to the Second Period; the Grenville and other B. M. copies belong to the Third Period. These may serve as typical copies." (Letter of C. M. Ingleby to S. A. Allibone, Nov. 8, 1879, quoted in *Lenox Library Catalogue of Works of Shakespeare*, 1880, p. 33.)

‡ "I had seven copies more or less perfect of the First Folio Shakespeare to refer to in case of doubt as to a letter—one belonged to the late Col Wigran, and I think passed into Mr. Halliwell's hands; another to a Mrs. Hartree; and the others, which my late uncle got from the late Edmund Malone, have been dispersed I know not where," says Mr. Booth.

what is known as the Phoenix First Folio, in the library of Columbia College in the city of New York.*

Speaking of the variations of the genuine copies of the First Folio, the Cambridge Editors go so far as to say: "It is probable that no one copy exactly corresponds with any other copy," although the discrepancy may often be "in a single letter only."† It is, therefore, a fact, that in speaking of the Folio of 1623, we have no one acknowledged standard to which the *variæ lectiones* of different copies may be referred, and this is equally true of the reprints as of the originals.

The laborious collation which I had occasion to make of the *King Lear* (for Volume X. of *The Bankside*), with Staunton's photolithographic reproduction, has strongly exemplified the inconvenience of lacking a standard of reference. A score of differences, thus noted, are reduced by comparison with a copy of the original (Mr. Furness's) to only four, one literal, and three of punctuation. On page 292, column 1, line 6 (F. 1102 *Bankside*), Booth's reprint reads "King. and" instead of "King, and" as in the original. On page 293, column 2, line 18 from the bottom (F. 1335, *Bankside*), "eyes, but" should be "eyes. but". On page 301, column 1, penultimate line (F. 2277, *Bankside*), "Yours, in" should be "Yours in." And on page 309, column 2, about half way down (F. 3260, *Bankside*), the stage-direction "*He dies.*" should read either "*He dis.*" (Staunton's) "*H e dis.*" Capell's copy (*cit.* Cambridge Editors), and the Phoenix, or "*H edis.*" (Furness's copy). There is nothing to prevent the reprint from agreeing with the original followed by Booth's proof-readers, and in the absence of knowledge of the precise copy used by them, no positive charge of error can be brought against their work. A good illustration of this point is found on page 299 of the Folio, column 2, *Scena Septima*, line 2 (F. 2047, *Bankside*), where Booth's text gives "hin," while Staunton's, and several copies of the original, kindly collated for me by Mr. Albert R. Frey, and the Chatto and Windus reduced facsimile read "him." But Mr. Furness, to whose considerate aid I am much indebted, informs me that *his* copy reads "hin," like Booth's.

The third and most ambitious of the reprints, and the only one rationally deserving the name of Fac-simile, appeared in 1866, under the supervision of Mr. Howard Staunton. It is a photo-lithograph, admirably executed, as such work ran twenty years ago, by R. W. Preston, and was announced to be made from the Ellesmere copy in Bridgewater House and from "copies" in the National Library (Brit-

*So called because bequeathed to the library of that institution by W. S. Phoenix, Esq., of New York City. This copy is one of the tallest extant, being 12½ inches high by 8½ wide. From a careful examination made at my request by Mr. W. H. Fleming, I draw that the copy is almost without a blemish, the paper firm and the impression clear and perfect.

† Cambridge edition, Vol. I., p. xxvi.

ish Museum). As there are three copies of the 1623 Folio in the British Museum—the Grenville copy (of the Third Period), that in the Royal Library of George III., and one formerly belonging to the Rev. Mordaunt Cracherode (the Period of which I have not yet ascertained) *—there may possibly be uncertainty that the Staunton fac-simile is not patchworked from four copies of the original, although Winsor says that it was photo-lithographed from two only—the Ellesmere and Grenville copies—"taking a page from one or the other, where its condition best answered his purpose." It is, at any rate, quite uncertain from which copy any particular page is reproduced. This is unfortunate, in view of the different Periods combined, and the many discrepancies between known copies. For this reason alone, Staunton's can never be a universally acceptable standard.

Moreover, despite its convenience because representing to the eye the size and "typographical phenomena" of the genuine Folio page, the Staunton fac-simile is not perfect. Photo-lithography has never been a perfected art. What between the eccentricities of the wet-collodion film and the irregularities of the process of transference from the negative to the stone through the medium of a print in unctuous ink, there is an unhappy blurring and spreading of the lines in some places and a lack of impression in others. Retouching is unavoidable, even at the present time—after twenty years of progress; †—and when photo-lithography was still a "newly discovered process" it was necessarily often resorted to. But the moment hand and eye get a chance to intervene in reproductive work, *humanum est errare*. ‡ In the cross-bars of the letter *e* and the *f* and long *s*, and in respect to battered type and punctuation, the Staunton Folio is, in spots, admittedly defective.

The fourth and latest reprint is the reduced photo-lithographic reprint, miscalled "fac-simile," in small octavo, published by Chatto & Windus in 1876, with an Introduction by the veteran, Mr. Halliwell-

* Winsor's *Shakespeare Bibliography*, Boston, 1876, p. 80.

† "Some words are left indistinct in the text. Pages 34, 39, 42, 43 and 47 (very bad) should have been canceled, fresh transfers made, and new leaves printed, as has been done with several other pages. * * * Mr. Kell . . . the printer of this text,—who put on stone the transfers in lithographic ink supplied to him by Mr. Praetorius,—states that he has done his very best with the (often faulty) transfers supplied to him. He has lost all his profit, and more, by paying for cleanings and corrections by hand. The Museum copy of the Quarto is bad in some pages, and the negatives required more painting out of letters printed-through, and more cleaning of the transfers than the price of the book would (in the fotografer's opinion) stand. In this work, good transfers from the negatives are all in all." (Introduction to Praetorius' fac-simile, *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599.)

‡ Henceforth, all sheets will be passt for press by the Editor as well as the Lithographer. (Introduction to Griggs' fac-simile, *Ven. and Adonis*, 1593.)

Phillipps, which, as I take it, is the extent of his connection with the enterprise. Its cheapness, 8s. 6d., is its chief discommendation, for it has been an inducement to put a defective text in the hands of many who are thereby led to suppose themselves "on a level with the envied possessors of the far-famed original." * (The plates were sold to Funk & Wagnalls, of New York City, in 1885, and that firm brought out an impression even worse and more trying to the eyes than the English one, which sold at \$2.50.) The typography is small enough, and the blurring and general sloppiness of the workmanship bad enough, to make its use perilous without a magnifying-glass and a safety-valve. Neither the title-page nor the Preface give any indication of the original copy from which it has been "reduced." The late Dr. Ingleby, who, with all his virtues and exceeding geniality, indulged at times in needless causticity, spoke of it as "a reduced reproduction of Mr. Staunton's Folio;" and added, "But why is Mr. Staunton not mentioned?" † As to this assertion, I am inclined to suspend judgment, for there are peculiarities in the Chatto & Windus photo-text which do not seem referable to the Staunton.

In 1883, William Patterson, a publisher of Edinburgh, issued a handsomely printed edition of Shakespeare's works, in eight 8vo volumes, reproducing the text of the First Folio, but it is in no sense a facsimile. The reduced type reprint of Booth is so easily attainable at moderate cost that few students, even of the "common" class, will care to be without it. Of the four complete reprints thus far vouchsafed to us, it is probably as safe to refer to the Booth text for the decision of a disputed reading as to any known original of the 1623 Folio, short of the Grenville copy in the British Museum; which as one of the most perfect of the Third Period copies, and as the standard of the National Library, may be regarded as invested with a pre-eminence of its own to which all conflicting texts must yield. Mr. Furness—than whom no more impartial and capable judge in such matters exists—writes me the following: "It is my settled conviction, founded on an experience of twenty years, that Booth's Reprint is the very best reprint of so large a work that the world has ever seen, or is likely to see. Considering the variations in the copies of F1, I doubt if a single misprint can be fastened upon Booth. Because his reprint differs, no matter how widely, from my original, I shouldn't think of imputing an error to him." It is proper to add that the large-paper copies of Booth's reprint, which were first issued in three parts, are the more trustworthy, for I have found in the small-paper copies, later issued, in which the serial character of the three parts is aban-

* Halliwell-Phillipps' *Preface*, p. xi.

† Ingleby: *The Man and the Book*, 1877, pt. I, p. 114, note.

doned, indications of a deterioration of the presswork inseparable from the printing of a large edition.

Reference to a fairly authentic text is especially necessary if there is to be any serious effort to compare parallel texts, such as of the Folio with the reprints of the earlier Quartos. Ready-prepared parallel texts have not hitherto been generally accessible. With the exception of the side-by-side reprints of the Folio and First Quarto of *Henry V.*, edited by Dr. Nicholson and published in 1877 by the New Shakspeare Society, and the lately printed 'parallel Folio and "Pide Bull" texts of the *King Lear* and of the *Hamlet*, prepared by Professor Victor, of Marburg, and published by Whittaker in London, 1886, I know of none which bring the Folio and the early Quartos into juxtaposition in the manner pursued in our own Society's *Bankside Edition*. Mr. Morgan's *Four-text Hamlet* is now completed ready for the printer, and possibly may appear simultaneously with these pages; and a number of others are lavishly suggested. We have also many parallel texts of different Quartos (without the Folio), such as Mr. Sam: Timmins' exquisite reproduction of the Devonshire *Hamlets* (the Quartos of 1603 and 1604), printed by Mr. Josiah Allen at Birmingham, and the New Shakspeare Society's *Romeo and Juliet*, in 1874. The German critics appear to be especially fond of the parallel study of the Quartos.

Now that our own *Bankside Shakespeare* furnishes a critically edited uniform and exact parallel version of all the plays found in quarto and folio form, the student who seeks to compare a disputed passage or to collate for himself an entire play, is freed from the necessity of spreading out his Folio fac-simile and such Quarto text as he may find, side by side with some modern text as a guide, and pegging away as best he can. He has now but to open his volume and find the two texts before him, each line duplicated or corresponding line placed exactly opposite, or, when the correspondence is in the point of the action at which the play has arrived rather than the words, he has the extra outside column on the quarto page which at once directs his eye to the parallelization without the slightest effort on his part to count forward or backward to an arbitrary starting-point in either text.

It is just here that the loss of time has crept in, of which I so bitterly complain in all editions except the *Bankside*. The problem was to *find* the parallel passages. Not one of the complete Folio reprint texts has a standard line-notation, to facilitate cross-reference. The few Quarto texts that are line-numbered follow no co-ordinated system. Each editor adopts his own no-system, and, in the mass, confusion necessarily results. It is worse than the simple absence of a Canon—it is an ever-present conflict and discord.

For a century and a half, from Rowe to the Cambridge Editors,

Shakespeare's plays remained without a convenient scheme of reference numeration. The primitive citation of act and scene was alone available. The labor of finding a hurriedly sought-for line or word in a scene of six or seven hundred lines in length, such as 1 *Henry IV.*, II., iv. (602 lines), or *Hamlet*, II., ii. (634), is appalling, and in the good old days of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's Concordance, before Schmidt or the "Globe" were, the provocation was often strong to relinquish the search. There were, to be sure, some few editions of separate plays with numbered lines, but they were either school-editions, usually curtailed by expurgation, or Continental reproductions, and no two texts of the same play by different editors would agree. It was not until Clark and Wright, after numbering the lines of the Cambridge edition for convenience in collating the foot-notes, conceived the happy thought of numbering the lines of the Globe edition also,* that a popular reference Shakespeare lay at hand. Of course, the Globe and Cambridge texts do not agree—the difference in the width of the type-form and the varying spacing break up the arrangement of all parts where prose is used (as is seen in *Hamlet* II., ii., which counts 581 lines in the Cambridge edition and 634 in the Globe). But the convenience of the natty little single volume of the Globe, with its creamy paper, its singularly clear-faced type, and its cheapness, joined to the natural craving of the human mind for some sort of a canon of uniformity, caused the Shakespearian world to seize upon the Globe as a standard of reference; and the scholar, the professor, and the casual critic have accepted, by a sort of *lex non scripta*, the citation of act, scene, and line of the Globe, even where it is wrong† And yet, in spite of the alacrity with which the Globe edition was admitted as the line-numbered standard, and the practical universality of its use, not a single modern edition follows throughout the numeration of the Globe. Take, for example, Hamlet's "dull and muddy-mettled rascal," which, according to the Globe, is II., ii., 594—we run it to earth in a few other editions professing to be numbered for "convenience of reference" and find that its number is: in the Cambridge edition and in Furness's Variorum (which follows the Cambridge), 541; Leopold,

* That is, they numbered the pentameter lines of the passages in verse, and the type-lines of the prose passages, omitting numeration of the stage directions. Thus, in *Macbeth*, II., 16–17, the dialogue

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
Did you not speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Macb. As I descended?

makes six lines of type and is numbered as two.

† "The line-numbers are those of the Globe edition, even where they are wrong, as they once or twice are." (Griggs' fac-simile Quarto 1, *Love's Labor's Lost*, 1598, p. xv.)

575; Rolfe's, 552; Clark and Wright's Clarendon Press series, 548; Richard Grant White's Riverside edition, 535; and Tschischwitz's, 593. In the new Henry Irving edition, alone, does the line-number, 594, agree with that of the Globe. Is there not a touch of satire upon the critical faculty of the professional critic, to find that, in three editions by the same editor, W. G. Clark, the same line has three different line-numbers?

Having ascertained the line-number of a particular phrase, according to the Globe standard, this is merely a guide to its approximate position in some other edition, if the latter happen to be line-numbered too. But it is not even a guide to the neighborhood, if the editor mounts some pet hobby and adopts a notation of his own, like Karl Elze, who numbers his *Hamlet** by 241 paragraphs of from 12 to 20 lines continuously throughout the play, which makes our dull and muddy-mettled rascal "peak" in paragraph No. 100. Elze says of this system, "The division into paragraphs . . . is transferable to all editions without any the least difficulty, so that in time a uniform mode of reference may be adopted by the students of Shakespeare in all parts of 'the habitable globe.' It is true that numbering by paragraphs does not enable the student or reader to refer to a particular line, yet the average length of the paragraphs (numbering between twelve and twenty lines) is so convenient that the eye will catch in an instant the passage or word referred to." Leo's earlier *Coriolanus* is divided into 255 sections coincident with the natural pauses or transitions of the dialogue.† Craik has broken up *Julius Cæsar* much more generously, having allotted 795 paragraphs to it, on the general plan of numbering each speech, whether of a single word or of many lines.‡

All paragraphical divisions of the Plays seem to proceed on the assumption that it is practicable to divide a mingling of rapid dialogue and soliloquy into verses, as the Bible was first paragraphed by Robert Stephens in 1551. If it were possible to devise a natural separation into short verses of tolerably uniform length, like the Bible-verses, the scheme would be applicable to all texts and in all languages. But Leo's and Elze's divisions are too long, and those of Craik too irregular, to suggest much hope of an acceptable paragraph-division.

Turning to the Folios and Quartos, we find no canon of notation, and indeed, none is possible which depends on the act, scene, and line division of modern editions.

Of the Quartos published prior to the date of the 1623 Folio, but one has a vestige of act and scene division, and in that one, the *Othello* of 1622, the only divisions are Act II., sc. i.; Act IV., and Act V.

* Karl Elze, *Hamlet*, London, 1882.

† F. A. Leo, *Coriolanus*, London, 1864. (Gives a photo-lith. of Fr.)

‡ Craik, *The English of Shakespeare*, London, 1878.

In the First Folio, only six plays are divided into acts and scenes in the same way that the Globe arranges them. Examining the volume, we find of the 36 plays:

I. Six not divided at all:

2 *Henry VI.* 3 *Henry VI.* *Troilus and Cressida.* *Romeo and Juliet.* *Timon of Athens.* *Antony and Cleopatra.*

These all begin bravely with "*Actus Primus. Scena Prima,*" and there an end.

II. Eleven divided into acts only:

Comedy of Errors. *Much Ado About Nothing.* *Love's Labor's Lost.* *Midsummer Night's Dream.* *Merchant of Venice.* *All's Well that Ends Well.* *Henry V.* *Coriolanus.* *Titus Andronicus.* *Julius Cæsar.* *Taming of the Shrew.*

III. One partly divided into acts and scenes:

Hamlet,

which has Act I. divided into 3 scenes, and Act II. into 2 scenes, but the last of these (which begins correspondingly to Act II., sc. ii., of the Globe) runs through the rest of the play.

IV. Twelve are divided into acts and scenes, but these do not agree throughout with the Globe division:

Measure for Measure. *King John.* *Richard II.* 1 *Henry IV.* 2 *Henry IV.* 1 *Henry VI.* *Richard III.* *Henry VIII.* *Macbeth.* *King Lear.* *Othello.* *Cymbeline.*

V. Six are divided into acts and scenes which agree throughout with the Globe division:

Tempest. *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* *Merry Wives of Windsor.* *As You Like It.* *Twelfth Night.* *Winter's Tale.*

Thus, only one play in six of the First Folio, and not one of the early Quartos, can be depended upon for the location of a reference to act and scene—which is all that the student has to work upon when he goes to the old texts from Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's *Concordance* or from any modern edition of the Plays. Even when Schmidt's *Lexikon* refers him to the line-number, it is but a vague indication of the locality, unless the scene be a short one. There is nothing to be done but to guess about where the passage is that is sought, and then hunt till it is found—if it be there!

It is not always there. Many of the modern texts are made up with the addition of passages from the Quartos which are not found in the Folio, and in few editions is the insertion noted. Singer, Richard Grant White, Charles Knight, and some others follow the convenient method, as old as the time of Johnson and Malone, of bracketing the words or phrases imported into the Folio text, but the editions commonly furnished to the student for purposes of study, such as Rolfe's and the other school texts, and the popular reading

editions—such as the Globe, the Handy Volume, the Leopold, and the rest—give no sign in the body of the text that whole passages like the important “dram of eale” speech in *Hamlet*, or the exquisite scene in *Lear*, IV., iii., where “a Gentleman” describes to Kent Cordelia’s “demonstration of grief” on hearing of her father’s expulsion by the Pelican daughters, Regan and Goneril, “i’ th’ storm, i’ th’ night,” are not found in the Folio.

But the labor of lighting upon a passage with which the eye of the searcher is familiarized by a fresh perusal of the context—so that in turning over the Folio or Quarto pages mnemonic guide-posts and mile-stones start up, as it were, to point and measure the path—is slight compared to that involved in the most common and wearisome employment of the old texts: the hunting down of parallel locutions and similar uses of unusual words, which may serve to interpret the meaning of a doubtful passage. As emendation often brings into apparent relation phrases which have no visible connection in the older authorities, the confrontation of the Folios and Quartos is, for this work, indispensable.

I may be permitted to illustrate, by a practical “demonstration,” the interminable circumlocution of such a search, even where the number of instances of supposed parallelism is limited.

Let us assume that I am not entirely satisfied with the accepted reading of Edmund’s phrase in *Lear*. (*Bankside*, Q. 315–351, F.)

“Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!”

All the critical editions at command tell me that “top the legitimate” is altered from “to th’ legitimate” of the Old texts, and inform me that “top” means *over-top*. I have some passing doubts about this, and being unwilling to accept an emendation of the authoritative text of the concurring Folios and Quartos without first excluding every interpretation whereby a plausible meaning may be forced out of the old form, it occurs to me that alteration may after all be really needless—that the words “I grow; I prosper:” may perhaps stand for “aye grow, aye prosper,” and that the uncommendably economical printers of the old texts set up *I* for *aye*, as they generally did for *ay*. But, before I can attach any plausibility to my inchoate theory, it behoves me to ascertain whether there is in the old copies any instance of “aye” (meaning *ever, forever, always*) being phonetically and typographically equal to *I* long, instead of being sounded like *a* long, as we employ it, and as there is every reason to suppose the Elizabethan Englishman did.

Supposing then that I have not the *Bankside Edition*; to begin my unpromising task systematically, I first consult the Cambridge or Fur-

ness's Variorum, to make sure that I have not been anticipated. I find that while "top the legitimate" is Capell's generally accepted reading, Pope would have it "be th' legitimate," Hanmer wanted to "toe th' legitimate," Jennens wished to see Edmund *out* or *rout* his better-born brother, and Mason conjectured "foe the legitimate." Not much help there.

Schmidt, in his version of Act I. of *Lear*, would read (*cit.* Furness) "Ay, grow; ay, prosper:"—but *ay* here has the significance of *yea verily*, and is not satisfactory.

I next ascertain by the Globe that the line in question is *Lear*, I., ii., 21. I locate it in Booth's or Staunton's 1623 reprint, without trouble, for the Globe division of the first act of *Lear* is found to follow the Folio, and there it reads:

"Shall to' th' Legitimate: I grow, I prosper:"

Then turning to Praetorius' Quarto fac-similes of the Pide Bull and N. Butter texts of 1608, I find the phrase printed as prose, thus:

" . . . Edmund the bafe shall tooth' legitimate: I grow, I propper, now Gods ftand vp for Bafards."

The Folio reference may be noted, for convenience, as "p. 286, col. 1, line 3," the Quarto references are, for the Pide Bull, "Q., sig. C, lines 12 and 11 from bottom," and for the N. Butter copy, "Q., sig. B., lines 4 and 3 from bottom."

On opening Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's *Concordance*, I find there given just sixteen cases of "aye," one of which is a compound and is known to be a conjectural reading for the "ayre-remaining" of the Folio. Five examples are of "aye" by itself, the other ten read "for aye." Turning to Dr. Schmidt's *Lexikon*, I find that he gives all the examples, which he by no means does in every case, for his book is not a concordance, but a dictionary. The sixteen instances occur in *Troilus and Cressida* and *Timon of Athens* (which are not divided), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (which is divided into acts only), *Hamlet* (which while purporting to be divided into acts and scenes is practically undivided), *Macbeth*, *Richard II.*, *Lear* and *Cymbeline* (which are divided, but not as in the Globe), *The Tempest* (which is the only one of the sixteen agreeing with the Globe division), and *Pericles*, which is not in the Folio of 1623.

Next, to familiarize the eye with the context, each reference must be located, *seriatim*, in the Globe edition by the help of Schmidt's *Lexikon*. The first two in *Troilus and Cressida* are very near the end of the play, and so are found without difficulty in both Folio and Quarto. *Macbeth*, IV., i., 133, is found in a moment, by the context. *Lear*, V., ii., 235, is near the end, and for that reason soon lighted upon (in the Pide Bull it is spelt "ay"). *Cymbeline*, IV., iv., 27, is hit upon without trouble, for the scene number here agrees. *Tempest*, II., i., 285, occurs in a long scene and is most easily looked for by noting that

it falls in Antonio's longest speech therein. *Tempest*, IV., 218, is found by running the eye up and down two or three columns. *Hamlet*, III., ii., 210, requires a little search, but we observe that it lies about the middle of the player-king's longest speech, and in turn look for this in the old texts until it is found, there being no divisions to guide the eye after the 2d Act. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I., i., 71 and 90, are both in speeches of Theseus, and are located by the context (in the second instance it is spelt "aie" in the Folio, but not so in the Roberts and Fisher Quartos). *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III., ii., 387, falls in a terribly long scene of 464 lines, and the Folio is divided into acts only, so that it must be hunted for by the aid of a tolerable acquaintance with the context and after a little thumbing, it being remembered that the line sought is the last in one of Puck's speeches. (In the marginal act-scene-and-line notation of the Griggs Quarto, the line-number is given as "400," and not the 387 of the Globe.) *Richard II.*, V., ii., 40, is identified by lying at the end of York's long speech. *Troilus and Cressida*, III., ii., 167, involves quite a long hunt, being about the middle of an undivided play, and is picked out after going through all of Troilus's longer speeches in that neighborhood. It is more readily located in the 1609 Quarto reprint, for Mr. Griggs has line-numbered his text in conformity with the Globe notation; it is there misprinted "age." *Timon*, V., i., 55, and V., iv., 78, have to be run to earth, because the play is not divided. *Pericles*, V., iii., 94, is distinguished in the Quartos by being in Gower's epilogue.

All this is tedious to rehearse, and much more tedious to do. By actual count, sixty-five minutes were consumed in this collation of only sixteen texts; the barren result being to establish that the word is spelt once "aie," once "ay," once misprinted "age," and for the rest uniformly "aye." So the conjecture is reluctantly laid on the shelf for the present, in the faint hope that, sometime, examples may be stumbled upon of "aye" being pronounced in rhyme like "I;" or of the printed "I," where commonly taken to mean the pronoun or the affirmative, admitting also equivalence with "aye"—ever.

The Globe numbering, because of its convenience, took hold almost immediately upon the appearance of the volume. It filled an evident want, and it appears to have "come to stay." Had any of the four fac-simile reprints of the First Folio, or of the many reprints of the Quartos, been intelligently line-numbered at the start, they would have promptly become standards of reference, in the same way as the Globe.

A good many of the Quarto reprints are line-numbered—but how? By following the act-scene-and-line notation of the Globe. Most of the Griggs-Praetorius fac-similes do this. Some of them have special notation, as the 1603 *Hamlet* (with which the series began)—which, in addition to the Globe notation, is divided into consecu-

tive scenes, eighteen in all, but without act-division, each scene being independently line-numbered. So, also, with the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, 1602, *The Taming of a Shrew*, 1594, and the two *Henry V.* Quartos, 1600 and 1608.

In some cases a composite notation is adopted. In Mr. P. A. Daniel's parallel texts of *Romeo and Juliet* (New Shakspeare Society, 1874), the marginal division of the fuller Quarto 2 is into acts and scenes, and each scene is line-numbered, not however to correspond with the Globe standard but serially as the lines run in the Quarto imprint; while the shorter Quarto 1 of 1597 is arbitrarily numbered to match the other. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's parallel volume of the first Quarto and the Folio of *Henry V.* (New Shakspeare Society, 1877) has both texts numbered by act, scene, and old-text scene-line, so that the line-numbers of the two pages do not agree and the parallelism is only apparent to the eye. Examples of such variant numeration might be indefinitely prolonged.

If we pick up a modern critical edition of almost any classical or archaic text, we find that it has a system of reference-notation which enables a phrase to be readily indicated and at once singled out. Prose writings are mostly paragraph- or section-numbered, poems line-numbered. The continental classical epics or metrical romances, such as the *Livre d'Alexandre*, the *Poema del Cid*, the *Poema de Alfonso Onceno*, the *Nibelungen*, the *Gedichte of Walther von der Vogelweide*, are all line-numbered. So too are our Chaucer and Spenser. This convenient system comes to an abrupt halt at the threshold of the drama, where it is most needed—for of all awkward schemes of notation, the act-and-scene division is the clumsiest for instant reference.

I claim that a standard archaic text, which has become a daily resort for precise reference, as the 1623 Folio and the early Quartos of Shakespeare's plays have become, should be continuously line-numbered, following the typographical lines of the original copy from the first to the last, and including every word of the author's composition—stage-directions as well as text—so that a single reference-number will locate a line once for all, in any critical fac-simile reprint.

The simple fact is, that until the *Bankside Edition*, what little approach there was visible toward a uniform system of notation for critical reprints of the old Folio and Quarto texts, sprang from the attempt to refer the old text to the act-scene-and-line numbering of the Globe edition. This was unquestionably a convenience and a great one. But it was only a step, and, by the arbitrary character of its notation (rendered still more arbitrary by its plan of ascertaining for itself the length of a "line" by scansion or other convenient process rather than taking the actual line of the First Folio), yet failed in very numerous and important cases to guide the students to points to which their attention was to be directed. To illustrate this, let us

take the case of these early stage directions, which not only are so often relied upon to supply the action and even the narrative of the text, but embalm so much of stage history and illustration of the scenic contrivances and methods of the Shakespearian theatres.

It has been the custom, heretofore, in all schemes of reference numeration, to pass over the stage-directions and to number only the metrical or prose-printed lines of the dialogue. Yet the stage-directions are often, for the purposes of critical examination, of equal value with the spoken text. Archaic words or uses of words occur in the stage-business even more frequently than in the speeches. What the author briefly tells the actor to do, or tells the reader that the actor is doing, is often one of those firm, comprehensive touches that go to the making up of a masterpiece. From every point of view, critical, historical, histrionical, or philological, the stage-directions deserve to be included in a systematic notation. It is especially so in the case of the Shakespeare Folios and Quartos, where moot questions of priority of composition and of publication, the identity of transcription, whether the play has been set up from a legitimate manuscript or from short-hand notes surreptitiously taken during public representation and read aloud to the compositor, and the like problems, may be as much elucidated by the unspoken stage-directions as by the dialogue.

For instance, in the comparison of the old Quarto text of the First Part of the *Contention*, 1594, with the revised *Whole Contention*, 1619, and with the Folio copy of 2 *Henry VI.*, the stage business plays an important part, for it is found, time and again, to be identical in the three, thus bridging over the gap of twenty-nine years which is unspanned by the conspicuously amended texts of the successive issues.

Take this direction as a sample :

"Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him so much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge fastened to it; and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge and Prentices drinking to him."—2 *Henry VI.*, Fo. 129, col. 1, top. *Bankside*, F. 1114-1118.

So the Folio. The 1619 and 1594 texts agree, with the single exception that the peculiar participial form of the Folio, *drunke*, appears in the more primitive shape, *drunken*, in the earlier texts. The Folio also marks the then growing tendency to capitalize substantives in the newly fashionable Continental way, and to needlessly double the consonants, as in "Drumme" for the "drum" of the Quarto. Passing by the grammatical aspects, an interesting thing about this passage is its view of manners and customs. The deadly sand-bag is therein mentioned twice, and for the only times in all the Plays, so far as I

know, for the word is nowhere found in the dialogue-text from which concordances and glossaries are made. The picture which is conjured up of the drunken Armorer, and his antagonist, each with a drum—and armed with a sand-bag attached, in flail-fashion, to a cudgel—ready for the combat which is so soon to result fatally to the traitor, is graphic to the life. It is as integrally a part of the play as the dialogue descriptive of the fight, which follows it. But the concordances and the lexicons, and the line-numbers of all the editions, skip it. If I wished to make a precise reference to it, I would be puzzled to indicate its location concisely by any systematic notation. It seems barbarous to have to say that it is to be found “between lines 58 and 59 of 2 *Hen. VI.*, II., iii., Globe ed.,” or as at the “top of col. 1 of p. 129 of the Histories in Fo. 1 :” or as being “sig. D verso, lines 18–21, of *The Whole Contention*, Praetorius’s fac-simile, pt. 1 ;” or as “p. 28, lines 27–31 Halliwell’s reprint of *The Contention*, 1594, First Sketch of 2 *Hen. VI.*, Old Sh. Soc’y, 1843.” Now, however, by means of our *Bankside Edition*, when students wish to refer to the curious and instructive old stage-direction (which supplies so much of the action just there that to omit it would be to omit a part of the scene itself) the student will be able to fix it by stating that it occurs at “Q. 826–1114 F.”—which will be understood to mean that it is line 826 of the 1594 *Contention* and line 1114 of the First Folio. And, moreover, by means of the Concordance in the present volume, one not fortunate enough to possess a set of the *Bankside* can also make this statement; for, by referring to the Concordance he will see that the stage-direction which occurs between lines 58 and 59 of the Globe edition (or of any edition which adopts the Globe line-numbers) must necessarily be Q. 826–1114 F.

The valuable stage-directions of the old texts count by hundreds. They narrate a good part of the history found in the English series, and, by describing actions which are mentioned by the Chroniclers, but which are not referred to in the dialogue, they form an additional indication of the closeness with which the old historians were followed in the plays. What would *Henry VIII.* be without them? * The description of the royal procession and entrance which prefaces the Trial scene, Act II., sc. iv., is as serviceable a reproduction of the slightly spectacle as a painting by Veronese; but gorgeous as it is, it is eclipsed by the Order of the Coronation, Act IV., sc. i., which takes up 31 unnumbered lines of the Globe. The Procession is in substantial agreement with the accounts of Holinshed and Cavendish, and the Coronation is condensed with great exactness from Hall.

* “Many of the stage-directions in this play are very remarkable, and are evidently written with great care. The modern editors have for the most part retained their substance, and in some cases their words. We shall more closely follow the original, with such slight changes as are absolutely necessary to make the scene intelligible.” (Knight, *Pict. Sh. Histories*, Vol. II., p. 341.)

Moreover, the stage-directions furnish the student with instructive examples of archaic words and uses of words not found elsewhere in the plays, and as much *hapax legomenon* as any once-used word of the dialogue. Again, they illustrate the conditions of early stage representation, often primitive to a degree difficult to realize nowadays, as in *Cymbeline*, p. 376, col. 1, line 4 from bottom, Fo. 1—"Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady." Here, as in Heywood's *A Woman Kild with Kindness* (Pearson's reprint, v. 2, p. 154)—"Enter Mistris Frankeford in her bed," and as in Brome's *A Mad Couple Well Match'd* (Pearson's reprint, Act IV., sc. iii., p. 73)—"The Bed put forth, Alicia in it" (a stage-direction which is identical—except as to Alicia in it—with that at F. 1848 of the second part of *Henry the Sixth*)—there being no change of scene possible—a bed, with the personage upon it, asleep, was actually thrust forth upon the stage.* But of the vivid trait thus presented, there is not a suggestion in the editions prepared for the "common reader." Even Richard Grant White, who stood up as a doughty champion for the authority and comparative purity of the Folio text, and who could not admit so much as a single word from the Quartos without enclosing it in denunciatory brackets, hewed and hacked the stage-directions mercilessly, as every editor from Rowe's time has done. Rowe's direction here is elaborate enough, but White's is more so, and the reader is to behold, in his mind's eye—"IMOGEN'S Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk. IMOGEN reading in her bed; a Lady attending." It is so throughout the plays—the stage-directions, instead of being offered to our view "cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the reft, absolute in their numbers, as he conceiued the," are "maimed, and deformed by the frauds and ftealthes of iniurious impoftors, that expos'd them:" in the most injurious and stealthy of all forms of imposition upon the credulous reader—that of silent emendation at the mere whim of the editor.

The stage-directions of the old copies, and especially of the First Folio, which is in most cases the only canon to which we may appeal with any show of authority, should be held as sacred as the text itself, and not be departed from, nor added to, without critical cause and due announcement. For this reason, the stage business, even to the single word "*Exit*" when it stands as a line by itself, should be scrupulously numbered in a reference canon, as is done in the *Bankside Edition*. The same, too, of the line of type, whenever it occurs, denoting act and scene; for this is only found in half the plays in the Folio, and where it exists it is as much a part of the record as any other phrase.

If all reprints of the Folio and Quartos were numbered as in the *Bankside*, every line of type (except the head-lines and the catch-words,

* And see line F 1848 of the 2 *Henry VI.*, Vol. XIX. *ante* and Mr. Morgan's comment thereon in page i of Introduction to Vol. XX.

which belong to the printer and not to the stage copy) being consecutively noted, from "*Actus Primus, Scena Prima*" to "*Finis*," reference to every jot and tittle of the original text would be simplicity itself. How much easier to say "*Othello*, F., 1123," or "*Hamlet* Q., 1446," than to give a reference to act, scene, and line (which, as we have seen, helps little or not at all when delving into the old copies), or to devise such barbarous constructions as these—in the effort to be precise:

"*Com. of Err.* Fo. 1623, p. 88 (misprint for 86) col. 1, line 24."

"*Tro. & Cres.* Fo. 1, sig. ¶ 2 verso, col. 1, line 14 from bottom."

"*Rich. III.*, Qo. 1597, sig. H, 8th page, line 3 from bottom."

"What, will the Line stretch out to' th' cracke of Doome?"

Besides the line-numbers, every reprint of an old text (except of course page-for-page fac-similes) might denote on one margin the beginning of each page and column of the Folios or signature-leaf of the Quarto. For the Folio, it would suffice to print the brief indication in full-faced (Clarendon) type behind a single bracket; thus, [218a. by common consent signifies the first column of page 218. To fix the signature-leaf of the Quartos would require a somewhat more conventional treatment, for the last leaf of each signature is generally unsigned. I observe among authorities a want of uniformity as to this class of references. In the New Shakspeare Society's reprints, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson denotes the eight pages of a signature thus: B—B v—B 2—B 2 v—B 3—B 3 v—B 4—B 4 v—(or at least, in his paralleled texts of *Henry V.*, he should do so, but by error the last leaf repeats "B 3" and "B 3 v," which is confusing), and he marks the *end* of the old page, not the beginning as is most natural and usual. Still another method is to mark the signature pagination, at the beginning of each page, through the four leaves, thus: sig. B—sig. B, back—sig. B 2—sig. B 2, back—sig. B 3—sig. B 3, back—leaf B 4—leaf B 4, back. To this, however, the simpler notation of Dr. Nicholson, when set in the right place at the head of the page and not at the tail, would be preferable. In *The Bankside Shakespeare*, which proposes to be in itself an independent guide, this collation, after much consultation and experiment was reduced to the two tables printed at the end of each volume. These tables with the analysis of the pagination and signature-marking of the First Folio in the Introduction to volume XX. will be found to adequately cover the entire subject while the references might become as universal abbreviations as the Latin is a universal language to German-russian or Turk-christian or heathen and be perfectly and exactly intelligible, no matter what edition they had before then.

It seems to me that the critical reader, however humble the sphere of his criticism, has a right to a simple but uniform and immutable reference-standard. He needs, in the first place, a Canon, and in the second, the means of readily consulting it by means of a uniform

system of line-notation covering the whole of the authoritative text. He needs, it is undeniable, a great deal else—and Time may eventually produce from the well-stored wallet at his back reprints of all the four old Folios, line-numbered as herein suggested, and produced with all the perfection of the new photozincographic processes to which we owe the delicate reproductions of pen-drawings which have supplanted engravings in the pages of *Puck* and *Life*. There is, or should be, no excuse nowadays for blurred and misty reprints of old texts. The marvellous accuracy of reproduction which can give us the 799 pages of Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary* in a perfectly clear reduced form, and spread before us with microscopic perfection the eight column blanket-sheet of a daily newspaper in the compass of $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6$ inches, is certainly capable of doing better work than the blotchy and slovenly, though valuable impressions that are known as the Griggs-Praetorius Quarto fac-similes, in one of which the general editor himself confesses* that some two hundred and odd letters needed touching up before the play was sufficiently legible for general perusal.

Why, then, is not the time ripe for the inauguration of a lasting reform if the leading Shakespeare Societies of England, Germany, and America should, through a conference of delegates or otherwise, agree upon a canon and a systematic notation, so that henceforth the texts published under the sanction of each Society should conform to the adopted standard, which, as to the first Folio, might conform as do our Bankside texts to the Grenville copy in the British Museum for Europe, and the Phoenix in the Library of Columbia College for America?

The New York Shakespeare Society has now moved to this end, by incorporating in *The Bankside Edition* of all the plays found in Quarto with the First Folio a notation which is certainly the first effort at a perfect numbering of lines—not arbitrarily adapted to the width of arbitrary pages, but in their original lengths, counting everything as a line which goes to the text or to the elucidation of its action—as the edition itself is the first and complete series of parallel texts ever attempted. This notation the Society hereby tenders to the use of Shakespeare students everywhere. By means of this and of its concordance with the Globe edition which Mrs. Thomas has so laboriously prepared and presented to us in this volume there is now no reason why further error or tergiversation or periphrases should interfere to cloud or render a reference uncertain, whether the numeral be cabled under the Atlantic or signalled by a flash light over space. And the Society pledges itself, should the series now completed by the twelve editors acting in perfect accord continue to meet with scholarly favor, to continue and complete *The Bankside Edition* with

* Corrections to Praetorius' *Henry V.*, 2, i., 160c.

the remaining dramas. That is to say, with *The Tempest*; the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; the *Measure for Measure*; the *Comedy of Errors*; the *As You Like It*; the *All's Well that Ends Well*; the *Twelfth Night*; the *Winter's Tale*; the *Henry the Eighth*; the *Coriolanus*; the *Timon of Athens*; the *Julius Cæsar*; the *Macbeth*; the *Antony and Cleopatra*; and the *Cymbeline*, and possibly with the Poems, the *Two Noble Kinsmen* and the *Edward the Third*.

ALVEY A. ADEE.

A MAN THAT'S MARRIED.*

A STORY OF SHAKESPEARIAN TIMES.

II.

HOW SHAKESPEARE WENT TO PLANT A MULBERRY TREE AND HOW THE HOUSEWIFE WELCOMED HOME.

THE truth of our *Sieur de Rochefoucauld's* maxim that "gratitude is a lively sense of favors to come" had not been exactly so formulated in April of the year of grace 1610. But many besides Shakespeare had realized its sting, and in June of the year before, in his wisest play, himself had made *Ulysses* say:

"Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts Alms for oblivion,
A great sized monster of ingritudes:
These scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done . . . to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion like a rusty mail:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin
That all with one consent——"

—forget favors past in hope of favors to come—from somebody else! And so on. Thus Shakespeare had written it down. And it must be confessed that he acted more or less upon the sentiment himself expressed in the only play of his which the printers had put into type before it had been successful on the stage.

When, therefore, on that evening at *THE MERMAID*, he had expressed his intention to ride to Oxford and Stratford on the morrow,

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Continued from the January number. On page 295 of last issue, sixth line from bottom, for "Queen's" read "King's."

he had harbored little intention of so doing, but had spoken to throw off the scent the dozens of his satellites and sycophants, who, once and again and again befriended, had gone over to the Swan and to Allyn's troop, but would now crowd again to his side on hearing of the great sums of money which the German Embassy had poured into his purse at the Globe portage. Indeed, that the touch of nature which made the whole world kin was the forgetfulness, rather than the remembrance of favors, was truth well illustrated in Shakespeare's entire London career. The once ragged call-boy and horse-holder and whilom arranger of old plays and warden of frayed habits and niggardly properties—come to good estate—had indeed only too well remembered those who had befriended him in his poverty, and kept not only them, but hosts of other dead wood and useless, upon his pay-rolls. That ingratitude and a lively sense of favors to come were about the only two moral or immoral attributes upon which he could always rely with confidence, was a postulate of which he was firmly convinced, and yet—being of that kind of nature—the conviction had not soured him—or rather, so generous and large-hearted was the man, that in spite of it he had lived with both hands open, giving away to everybody at all times and in all places, except perhaps at Stratford, where it was not expected, not asked and so not proffered. Indeed, in Stratford, where he had been whipped by the beadle and chased by Sir Thomas Lucy's keeper, he had invested; whereas in London, where he had done every office in the theatre—from trundling out the four-poster and bringing in the table and tankard that converted a king's chamber into a hostel, to dramatizing the *Hamlet* of Sieur Belleforest and doing the Ghost himself (much to the chagrin, had he been living, of Sieur Belleforest, who had no ghost in his *Historie*), he had given about everything away and seen it swallowed in shape of sack or gulped in pots of double beer, or to go for the price of a cheese or a store of needles and thread and tailor's scrap to draw together rents in the stage hosen or patch up the sleeves and the doublet of the kings and courtiers in the *Histories* of the *Henries*. For to tell the truth, Shakespeare was fain to see an excuse of his own for being generous in London, where his needy fellows, though of little use to him in his prosperity, might still do him considerable harm by their active ill-will (as indeed this story will perhaps illustrate before its finish). So he made up a rather prodigal or at least a pretty full measure of liberality to his London people by perhaps a somewhat extra parsimony at home in Stratford.

The ride to Stratford, therefore, was a hasty improvisation, in which Shakespeare had forestalled his would-be borrowers. The mud and slush of the streets alone would have made the proposition absurd, but to revellers half seas over, the mud and slush outside did not occur. When Shakespeare, therefore, had announced to Drayton in Ben

Jonson's hearing—meaning the tidings for them both (for Drayton was no less a borrower than Ben himself)—that he was to ride betimes the next morning for Stratford, stopping at Oxford, he fully meant to do nothing of the sort. It was his ruse rather, now that the Germans at his *Othello* the night before had rather unusually filled his pockets, to disappear for a day or so, until the money could be invested beyond reach of his own power to relieve some of the many extra tales of woe—as extra as the occasion out of the proceeds of which the woeful to-be-relators expected relief—which he foresaw, and he had trusted to the fuddled brains of both of them to overlook the practical impossibility of setting out on a journey with the roads (bad enough at their best) in the condition of this sudden thaw of which we have spoken. But when Shakespeare awoke next morning he found that a great change had taken place. The cold had come back again and hardened the roadway, and it occurred to him that no better plan of spending the to-be-accounted-for interval during which he was to be invisible at the Globe could be devised than to take the very journey he had pretended to have arranged for the night before. He could, at all events, ride to Oxford, where, stopping overnight, he could leave his money with the upright and surly old John Davenant, and taking one of his mortgages on some good Oxford curtilage, ride forward on the next day to Stratford—or return to London, quite as he felt in the mood, for nobody expected him at New Place, and much as he loved his daughter Judith and longed to see Susannah Hall, his first-born and best-provided-for daughter (albeit he had once made her pedantic husband do model for his own Malvolio, and even earlier had put a touch of him into his Don Armado) he rather dreaded the housewife, *vide* Hathaway, and her interminable prayers, passages from Scripture, not to mention the eternal Byfield, who was worse than all of the prayers and the texts put together; not that he was not a good husband and a good provider, but Mistress Anne was a Puritan, and loved not the stage plays, of which nevertheless she partook—she and Byfield—and with which she purchased the children's shoon and her own and the sack and malmsey which the Reverend Byfield drank.

So Shakespeare, retiring earlier than his wont was, arose early too, and arousing the ostler, was at stirrup and away out of London unattended, and cantering along the Oxford high-road long before much of London town was wide awake. The house at St. Helen's Place (which, in accordance with King James' proclamation of the year before, forbidding wooden fronts to houses in cities, had a stone façade up to the second story, and was thereafter bricked instead of plastered), for which Shakespeare had exchanged the smaller one within the Liberties of the Clink, occupied by him on a fairish rental the year before, was well stored with silver drinking-cups and dishes, rich chimney-pieces, handsome bedsteads and quilts to cover the feather beds (for Shakespeare

loved luxurious surroundings, and had been one of the first to discard the straw mattresses and wooden bolsters for the new inventions for sleeping brought from France), Venice mirrors, carved oaken presses, and domestic utensils of china and of glass—and moreover he had been one of the earliest to fill his casements with glass windows of which Bacon had complained that “we cannot tell with them where to come to be out of the sun or the cold.” So he took some little risk in quitting at so early an hour without extra charging his varlet Willy Ecclestone (whom he kept on the pay-rolls of the Globe as a supernumerary indeed, but who did little else than bestow himself upon Shakespeare’s bachelor establishment as care-taker in ordinary) to an extra surveillance. But on the whole, as he had said to Drayton, he burned daylight only, and took no hazards at night. The house was well bolted and locked by night, and by day there was not much foot-padding to fear in St. Helen’s Place, off the main thoroughfares. So he rode along contentedly.

The last year, 1609, whose accompt had just been closed, had not been an over-vigorous one in a literary line, nor had Shakespeare himself done much in a way. The *Troilus and Cressida* had failed lugubriously. There had been no comedy in it. For the vile get-up of the Procurer Pandarus, and the snarling of the misshapen Thersites had extorted more contempt than laughter, and the long speeches of Nestor and Ulysses were too much above the heads of the general. And as this had cost somewhat, and the printers had made but little or no return for the printing, it had made considerable inroads into the profits of the *Pericles*. Of course he had received naught for allowing his name to be printed on the *Sonnets*, and what few pence he felt he deserved for the use of the third edition of his *Hamlet* had not been forthcoming. So the money of the Germans (which he carried in his pouch) had better be husbanded. Nor had other things been altogether propitious. Nathan, or Nathaniel Field, a good actor, had left the Globe, although largely overdrawn as to his wages, and so in Shakespeare’s debt and begun writing plays on his own account and furnishing to the Swan and the Rose, without giving the refusal of them to the Globe first. Cyril Tonneure’s *Revenger’s Tragedy* and Thomas Dekkar’s *Gulls Hornbook* had attracted some attention away from Shakespeare’s work, though the death of William Warner, who had writ *Albion’s England*, had made the printers somewhat conservative in bespeaking matter for their presses, and so perhaps would pay him something more than a penny for his *Timon of Athens* (now nearly ready for mounting) instead of stealing it, as they surely would if not forestalled by a contract. It was upon these and like themes that Shakespeare dwelt as he rode along. But his thoughts drifted to matters current though not literary, and principally to the two quiddities of the king, upon which he had managed to throw the court into considerable up-

roar. As to both of these quiddities, Shakespeare felt that he was entitled to some concern. These were the king's great hatred of the new weed ycalled tobacco, and the industry in which France had so long excelled, but which his majesty had determined to make proficient and profitable in England—the manufacture of silk. As to the tobacco, John Heath, Bachelor of Oxford, New College, has just printed a book of epigrams, and among them one on tobacco which ran :

“We buy the driest wood that we can find :
And willingly would leave the smoke behind :
But in tobacco a thwart course we take
Buying the herb only for the smoke's sake,”

and Shakespeare was cogitating the introduction of some tobacco-smoker into a new play, or interpolating the use of the weed for some already popular character in an old one, with an eye to attracting the king's attention by epigram like this of Heath's or some ridicule of or onslaught upon the tobacco habit. As to the silk industry, the king had at his own expense (and possibly by way of makeweight in the House of Commons, which had become independent enough to criticise him for lavishing moneys upon his Scotch favorites) imported and distributed many shoots of mulberry trees, and Shakespeare had already sent five to Stratford, intending to himself, at his convenience, plant them in the orchard at New Place.

The crisp morning air was delightful to Shakespeare as he put his pad from a canter to an amble and thence to a walk (for he felt that his time was plentiful) as he left the city behind him and came to the usual ruts, frozen bogs and ungainly holes, with the remnants of a broken vehicle or two, which characterized the country roads of King James' period. “Fowle, long and cumbersome indeed” they were, and many was the joke of the time to the effect that one who proposed to travel far should say good-by to his friends.

“A citizen for recreation sake
To see the country would a journey take
Some dozen miles, or very little more,
Taking his leave and shaking friends by hand,
As he had travelled to some new found land,”

hummed Shakespeare as the words of poor old Nicholas Tooley's Broadside occurred to him. “Poor Nicke, I thought of thee, too, when I somewhat bettered thy distiches, when I made Gratiano in the *Merchant* cry :

‘Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, when the roads are fair enough.’

Indeed, I think John Mason's pamphlet, which he but now writ to the king, wherein he devises frames of wood and hurdles to be lain

down and covered with rubbish and broken stones, might well be entertained and made somewhat of."

Of what befell Shakespeare upon this journey, and especially of his arrival at Oxford, it is expected that this story, but in another connection, will treat. It was late upon the third day after we have seen this outset upon the frozen high-road that Shakespeare's mount clattered over the Clopton Bridge at Stratford, one of the few bridges of his glorious majesty King James his England, not built by the devil like that Westmoreland one at Fune, or of stone pillars with oaken girders as the old priests had constructed, but of cobble-stones throughout, buttressed and arched and not too steep of roadway; and in ten moments more had dismounted, and as the dusk was fast turning to darkness, was pounding with its huge iron knocker on his own oaken door at New Place. There was a sound of scuffling and scurrying and rustling of petticoats, interspersed with small feminine titters and screams within. But the door showed no sounds of opening. So Shakespeare pounded again.

This time the door cautiously opened, and a pretty girl's face peered out.

"Nay, Judith, but it is myself, thy father!" cried Shakespeare.

"Oh, father, father!" cried pretty Judith, and in an instant she had thrown her arms about his neck and was smothering him with kisses.

"Pardon, father. But I had thought it was that foolish Tom Quiney that knocked, and Joan Morgan had but just had it that I would kiss him—an—an—"

"An thou wouldst too, sweetheart. But is Joan Morgan of Bristol here? Welcome, sweetheart, and how is thy brother Sir Thomas, the priest. It is long since I have seen or heard of him," and Shakespeare disengaged himself from Judith and bestowed a loud smack full upon the lips of the maiden he had addressed as Joan Morgan, and who had come forward and shared in Judith's greeting of the home-returned.

Just then there was another rustle of petticoats, and Shakespeare's wife, Mistress Anne herself, loomed up. Her husband greeted her with a kiss—less warm, perhaps, than that he had bestowed upon Joan Morgan—upon her forehead. But Mistress Anne did not return the greeting.

"How is it that thou comest not to thy home betimes, William?" she said in a cold and distant voice, which sounded as if the words were pronounced in another apartment. "Scarce once a six month, indeed, and then with only thoughts of wenches and of queans upon thy lips."

"Who spoke of queans and wenches but thyself, good wife?" cried Shakespeare. "Can I not kiss my cousin Joan here, but thou doest chide me. Nay—"

"Nay, no more. Dist thou think that our sealed and saintly men at London, Master Stubbs and Master Bates, know nothing of thy playhouses?—fine places truly, if Master Stubbs his book be true! Ah, William, many is the dominie I set to prayers to mingle with mine own that thou mayst forswear that wicked playhouse."

"Forswear thy bread and ale, good wife?" interrupted Shakespeare. How thrive I by any other means? Peace, peace. I too might speak of welcome home like this—sour looks and perverse humours, and thy tongue never weary. Hast railed to this purpose for this threemonth of which you tell us, woman?"

But the domestic tirade was soon broken into on both sides, for Judith again rushed up, and throwing her arms about her father's neck, began kissing him so vigorously upon his mouth that he could say nothing, while Joan Morgan led Mistress Anne away, the good old lady muttering: "He leaves his harlots and his playhouses and comes down here to flout me, does he? Nay, but I'll not endure it longer. So graze as you find pasture. I'll to mine own people," and she began to chant in a shrill undertone—

"My thoughts on awful subjects sit,
 Damnation and the Dead!
 O what terrific horrors flit
 Around the dying-bed!"

Meanwhile Shakespeare, who, the easiest of men, was likewise the easiest infuriated, was trying to free himself from Judith's embraces and muttering in his turn: "My thoughts sit on a house over your head and meat and drink for thee. Do thou amend thy manners and I'll see to my ways: you death's head, you everlasting memento mori!"

But Judith soon hushed him and releasing her father from her embrace, led him in an opposite direction into a long apartment to the right of the hall, and divesting him of his bonnet, cloak, gloves and boots, saw him safely seated on a settle before the roaring fire, and knelt at his side.

"Dearest, dearest father," she said, "blame not the mother, she hath had crosses indeed this week. The day before yesterday, a man we knew not came to say that one of our heifers was strayed two miles and had gone lame of a leg and had hobbled into the Avon ford for a drink, and could not hobble out again, and was carried down stream and drowned, and I know not what, and all last fortnight's cheese was lost through John Squele his letting sleep or I know not what overtake him, and Martha hath given notice, and the Beadle hath left a precept here that if in three days—and here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough irons."

"Let me hear no more," interrupted Shakespeare. "I have much business that calls me back again to London shortly. To the devil with

this dishclout town and all its beholdings!" Here I have ridden two days, from where all has been peace, and for what?—a catalogue of troubles, a scolding wife—"

"But a duteous daughter and a dear friend from Bristol way. Pray you, for Joan Morgan's sake, if not for love of your duteous daughter and her guest, dear father—"

"Aye, my dear, I'll say naught more," interrupted Shakespeare. "But think that I am hungry, my girl—nay, bespeak the supper and I promise you to say naught more."

"Marry, father, dost think we had forgotten supper? It even now waits. Come, Bridget will take care of the fire; the supper is spread in the self-same place."

A great chine of cold beef, unlimited home-brewed ale, great loaves of bread and cates and sweetmeats of many kinds upon the snow-white cloth were indeed spread upon an oaken table in the next room, and when Shakespeare entered and took his seat, and Mistress Shakespeare and Joan Morgan were already in their places. Apparently by some soft suasion the temper of Mistress Shakespeare had been soothed, for not a word was said.

Shakespeare found himself sitting with Judith on one side and Joan Morgan of Bristol on the other, and, evidently warned by the late *rencontre* with the good wife, began to serve himself with food very quietly. But it was not in him to be silent long, and he soon addressed his next neighbor, Joan Morgan:

"Well, pretty Joan, how dost all in Bristol, and how came you and how long hast thou been with my daughters? Truly I am glad to see you here, for I love your father well, and your brother the priest. I can say naught of him but that I wish he were no priest for an hour if I could get him up to the—up to London I would say."

"Father is well," answered Joan Morgan, "and my brother is well, and much do they have speech together touching thee and thy plays, and how thou hast put our name, or rather my brother's name, into thy *All's Well*—a sodden play my brother Thomas says it is, but he thanks thee for the courtesy all the same—"

"Yes, I did make Parolles confess himself to Morgan* in that play. But I have another play but now in my mind, and I shall do better yet by thee. Faith, I have the story pat. I shall make a young girl like my Viola (I will call her Imogen, which is *Morgan* twisted as thou seest), in a green sickness, travel by foot in Wales, and the best man in the play, he of the kindest heart and the highest courtesy and of the greatest worth, shall be called Morgan.† Indeed, I think that he shall rescue her from thieves, or lions—"

* *All's Well that Ends Well*, IV., iii., 124.

† See *Cymbeline*, III., iii., 106.

"Nay, nay, Cousin William, bethink thee there are no lions in Wales."

"And will you chide me too, little woman? Surely Drayton says to me that I have put great serpents and lions into the forests about Warwick, and do make all words serve some turn, no matter what meaning they may perchance bear. But enough. What thinkest thou of thy cousins here? It is many a day since thou hast seen them all."

"Well, as for you, cousin, you are still youthful, in your doublet and hose. And as for sweet Judith—I would I were a man: Tom Quiney but now, for he passes for a man (this with a mocking grimace at Judith), for her sake: but when I shortly take myself back down river to Bristol she shall go too, and I'll warrant you there are gallants in Bristol City will not make her cry out her eyes for Stratford oofs."

"Nay, nay, speak not so, nor make a shift of slurring at our Stratford youth. And our Judith will not bear with overmuch slander of Tom Quiney neither, an' I know the wench," and her father gave a smile and a nod at Judith.

"And may she go with me, then, Uncle William," said Joan.

"Ask the goodwife there," said Shakespeare, taking a long pull at the tankard.

"Surely, I will ask Cousin Anne first. But your permit—"

"My leave, surely, if hers is first had—but how canst thou thyself leave the Stratford gallants?"

"Dost think that Joan hath no sweetheart too, sir," said Judith, who now for the first time had spoken.

"Nay, how should I know?" said her father.

"Ask her, then," said Judith.

"Peace, peace, vixens," cried the mother, rising from her place. "Sweethearts indeed! Is it that I am to hear of nothing but sweethearts? Nathless ye think that such talk will best suit the father, and that he cannot speak with ye of higher things. Are your souls naught? The city, the playhouse, the inns, and worse! What is it that Master Byfield and I do pray without ceasing for ye all, if ye will not pray yourselves? Ah! woe for England—woe for all of ye—with your junketings and your revellings, and your sweethearts and your kisses. Comest thou home, William, to fill your young maids' ears with thoughts of sweethearts and gallants?"

But Shakespeare had evidently been prepared for more outbursts and had determined upon another tack. "Run, Judith, quickly," he he said, turning to his daughter, "and see if the Reverend Richard Byfield hath left a morsel of sack in the butt. For he prays not but when he wants in meat, and what he wants in meat he'll have in drink. 'Be merry, be merry, my wife has all,'" and Shakespeare hummed Master Silence's catch in the Shallow orchard in Gloucestershire as he sat with Falstaff, Davy and Bardolph for the last time.

"Peace, peace, sir," almost shouted the now frantic Mistress Anne. "Peace, girls," she added, raising her arm as Judith and Joan together were about to speak, "let him go back to his queans and his inns, his strumpets and his suppers after the play."

Her voice had risen some octaves above nature; but she paused suddenly, for Shakespeare dashed the tankard to the polished floor, where it broke into a dozen pieces, with a crash and rose to his feet all but white with passion. "Seek your chamber, maçdam," he thundered, "seek your chamber! I came to plant his majesty the king's mulberry trees in our orchard, but I will betimes to my house in London to-morrow, where ye shall timely ask my pardon for this. I say, seek your chamber!"

"O father, father, do not forget, she is our mother. She hath had many trials. She hath"—cried Judith.

"Oh marry, I know about the heifer, and the beadle, and John Squeele his cheese, and the smith's reckoning! But peace I will have. When I am not by, you shall rail as ye will, Mistress Anne. By when I come—"

None of the girls could foresee to where the anger of Shakespeare—who was now thoroughly aroused—could end, when there came another clang at the knocker.

This time Shakespeare himself, glad of a diversion, strode to the great hallway, opened the door and pulled it wide. "Ah, welcome, welcome, Tom Quiney!" he cried, as he recognized the newcomer by the flicker of the hall-lamp which had meanwhile been lighted. "Thou comest at a fitting time, for the goodwife was but now going to bed and I to the town, and Judith is but finishing supper, and there is another one here thou knowest. How fares thy father, Tom Quiney, and the dear mother? And how art thou at thy figures? I'll warrant thou hast forgotten more than thou knowest!"

III.

IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE MAKES A BOLD RESOLVE AND DREAMS A LISSOM DREAM.

When Shakespeare retired for the night after the somewhat tempestuous greeting to his own fireside, of which we have made record, it was long before he dropped asleep. It was the almost general custom, even in the best houses, to drink only beer, single or double brewed, or home-brewed ale in tankards at meal-times, and to take wine at the tavern, since with the latter only was associated anything like conviviality, meals at home being, as a rule, eaten in solemn silence, and not only men but ladies of distinction going to the tavern for their wine and conversation. Malt liquors were of course obtainable in

taverns, but were not expected to be called for except at the tap-room, though there were inns (known as ale-houses) where only malt liquors were sold. The exception to this rule was in the case of the great house of the village—such as was New Place—where wine was kept for guests, which accounts for Shakespeare's sarcastic reference to the Rev. Richard Byfield when Mistress Anne had referred to that good man's prayers for the erring proprietor of the Globe Theatre. Shakespeare had therefore, of course, been to the inn and gone over the gossip with his neighbors.

But the wine he had drunken did not suffice to make him sleep. Moreover, the tobacco had made his head ache. He did not smoke himself, and, as we have seen, had in his mind a counterblast on his own account for some one of his characters to deliver—not altogether to curry favor, as Ben Jonson had tried to do, with the king, who hated it: but on account of his own dislike as well. For the fashion had spread to Stratford already, and even there, as in London, seedy professors hung around to teach the art of "taking tobacco" or "tobacco-drinking," as it was called, to make curls or rings of the smoke, to blow it down the nostrils, and how to trade for the heaviest shillings (for the apothecaries sold tobacco for its weight in coin, and the trade was enormous).

So Shakespeare undressed himself entirely, as the custom was, threw on his night-robe and drew himself under the quilt of the great bed, which he reached by the footstool. The room was on the first floor, adjoining his study (or "office," as we would call it now), and bore from a deep bayed window directly upon the noble gardens of New Place. For New Place had been a nobleman's palace, and when Shakespeare bought it in its dismantled state he of course had repaired it strictly upon its original lines. So the heavily timbered roofs had been restored, the massive fireplace with its great brass fenders and firedogs was all of one end of the room and the walls were covered with old tapestry.

Well, the light flickered out, the great fire smouldered, and shadows began to play on the black timbers of the ceiling and on the folds of the heavy tapestries, and Shakespeare's sleepless eyes followed them around. There was one particular shadow on the ceiling, born of a dying flicker in the fireplace, which somehow took the semblance of Mistress Anne, and Shakespeare's thoughts travelled to his greeting of the evening just passed. As it happened, his friend Sylvester Jourdan but three days before had handed him his newly-printed pamphlet account of the discovery of the Bermudas, giving a narrative of the shipwreck of Sir George Somers on his voyage to Virginia.

"Surely a shipwreck were bliss to a life with a scolding and a shrewish wife," thought Shakespeare. "And what a devil of a tempest that was with the old shrew. She is too thin to be starved as Petru-

chio tamed his shrew. She eats too much to be fat. Ay, and prays too much, belike!"

It was that sleepless hour when the devil, who was a very present character to the men of Shakespeare's day, puts all sorts of thoughts into men's minds; and Shakespeare crossed himself as another thought darted across his brain somewhere, and, meeting another thought coming from a diagonal direction, made one of those little corners in the gray matter which we call an idea.

"Nay, I'll do her no harm! Poor Anne, she was winsome once. But she's older now, and whatever was to be said once—she's a deal older than am I, with the start she had of me at our wedding to boot—nay, I'll do her no harm, I'll see her hanged first. But—but— By Saint Patrick, I have it! Why else was she so crusty and scraped so? She knoweth of Mistress —, and so on, and so on. That's an old tale. She raves late if she raves thereon. That's flat, and yet—dear little Joan! Why should she not be jealous? I am but forty-six or seven, and a man's as young as he feels. Why should I not love the little maid of Bristol? Did she not say I looked young in doublet and hose? What meant she by that?"

CHARLES FALKNER, JR.

(To be continued.)

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- [1] THE TECHNIQUE OF THE DRAMA. A statement of principles involved in the value of dramatic material in the construction of plays and in dramatic criticism. By William T. Price. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 286. Brentano's: New York, London, Chicago and Washington.
- [2] THE LAST TOUCHES, AND OTHER TALES. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 268. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.
- [3] DON ORSINO. By F. Marion Crawford. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 448. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.
- [4] INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS; OR, CULTURE BY SELF-HELP. By Robert Waters. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 361. New York: Worthington Co.
- [5] THE DEATH OF ÆNONE, AKBAR'S DREAM, AND OTHER POEMS. By Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 113. New York: Macmillan & Co.
- [6] AN OVERTURE TO WILLIAM TELL. By William H. McElroy. Paper, pp. 20. New York: The Republic Press.
- [7] REPRESENTATIVE ENGLISH LITERATURE—FROM CHAUCER TO TENNYSON. Selected and supplemented with historical connections and a map. By Henry S. Pancoast. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 514. New York: Henry Holt & Co.
- [8] THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Edited by William Aldis Wright. (The Cambridge Shakespeare in nine volumes. Vol. VIII.) Lear, Othello, Antony and Cleopatra, Cymbeline. Vellum cloth, royal 8vo, pp. 761. New York and London: Macmillan & Co.
- [9] COMMENTARIES ON SHAKESPEARE. By G. Gervinus. New edition. Cloth, sq. 4to, pp. 480. London: Smith, Elder & Co.
- [10] THE CAMBRIDGE SHAKESPEARE. Edited by William Aldis Wright. In nine volumes. Volume IX. Cloth, 8vo, pp. 768. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.
- [11] THE OLD ENGLISH DRAMATISTS. By James Russell Lowell. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 132. New York and Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. The Riverside Press.
- [12] ANALYTICS OF LITERATURE. A Manual for the Objective Study of Prose and Poetry. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 468. Boston: Ginn & Company.

MISCELLANY.

OMITTED PAGES OF "FALSTAFF AND EQUITY"—(THIRD PART).—(Inadvertently omitted, not through any mistake of the printer, but by the writer's preoccupation or negligence, the following matter is designed to be introduced immediately before the three concluding paragraphs, SHAKESPEARIANA for April, 1893, Vol. X., page 83:)

Another significant coincidence in dates remains to be noticed. Says Halliwell Phillipps: "The chief fact of interest in the personal

annals of this year, 1597, is the remarkable circumstance that Shakespeare, after leaving his native town in indigence only seven years previously, should now have been enabled to become, so far as vicinal advantages were concerned, one of its leading inhabitants." (*Outlines*, i., 133.)

The reference, of course, is to the purchase of "New Place," the "great house," as it was called by Sir Hugh Clopton, for whom it was built a century before, the "great house," as it was thenceforth popularly known in Stratford. Being in a dilapidated condition, Shakespeare picked it up at a bargain, and immediately began the work of restoration. He repaired the house, replanted the orchard and improved the grounds. It was in the garden that he afterwards planted the famous "mulberry tree."

This purchase was completed in the spring of the same memorable year, 1597, while "equity was stirring" and shaking Westminster Hall with Homeric or rather Elizabethan laughter in the person of the unlucky scrivener with his bare head protruding through the hole cut by the chancellor's order in his too voluminous replication in the chancery case of *Mylward vs. Weldon*; while "equity was stirring" the whole public through the sensational episode of the reference by the queen to the twelve judges of England of the chancery case of *Throckmorton vs. Finch*; while "equity was stirring" Shakespeare himself in the new face about to be put upon the old chancery suit of *Shakespeare vs. Lambert*. During this period the successful playwright is found making his first investment in Stratford real estate, negotiating for the purchase of the finest property in the borough, making trips to Stratford to look at it, busy with conveyances, solicitors, surveyors, architects, builders, contractors, gardeners and laborers, paying the bills, big and little; superintending their work from time to time, his mind delighting in the task of making a home for his separated family, and a place of tranquil retirement for himself.

With his most congenial thoughts thus fixed on his native place and the acquisition of landed property in Stratford, he is still at work in his profession, casting the immortal Falstaff, mentally blocking out scenes, conceiving situations, devising plots, constructing incidents, manipulating characters, premeditating dialogue, his mind all on fire with sally and repartee, on fire with the impact of a storm of suggestions, the great majority of them rejected, the select few retained, mused over, elaborated—always with the vision before him of the audience whose approbation was to him fame and fortune.

A more select audience, and to him personally a far more interesting one, is also present not only to his mind, but to his bodily eyes at the same instant. The home people, among whom his childhood was passed, who are again to be his neighbors, whom he chats with as they pass by the gate of his New Place yard, where they find him with his hands full; who, for want of a topic, bother him with their simple questions about that old Lambert business, and how the chancery suit is coming on, and when he expects to get it tried, and what are the prospects for the old folks getting back their Ashbies farm—these Stratford burgesses and aldermen and common people are also to have at least a passing recognition. He will have Falstaff let them know that the Ashbies business is all right. "Equity is stirring" in that quarter also, as Lambert will soon find when the new bill is ready.

The inference from this circumstance, in connection with the others already named, may safely be left to the intelligence of the reader. It is seldom that a proposition, speculative in its nature: such as the question of an author's state of mind in relation to a particular subject-matter, and his mental intent in the use of a particular expression: can be found sustained by circumstantial evidence so nearly approaching demonstration as the proof in support of the proposition that, in Falstaff's "equity stirring," the writer had in view—incidentally, of course, and by the wind of the shot, as it were—his Stratford neighbors as the audience, the Lambert suit as the subject, and the Ashbies inheritance as the object.

Shortly before the purchase of New Place, we have the first evidence of the poet's rising pecuniary fortunes and of his determination to advance in social position, in the grant of coat-armor to John Shakespeare, obtained at his son's expense in October, 1596. (*Outlines*, i., 130.) The natural connection between this attempt "to confer gentility on the family" and the effort to secure by litigation the restoration of the coveted maternal inheritance, has been already noticed. Both circumstances are significant as revealing the playwright's state of mind and presumed intent in using the language referred to. Any construction put upon the expression "no equity stirring" which would wholly exclude these circumstances from just consideration and ignore the mental attitude they indicate, would be liable to suspicion at best, if not rejected as inadequate and misleading. On the other hand, the construction here offered dovetails exactly with all existing facts, and takes its color from the immediate surroundings.

The very obvious criticism upon all the explanations offered—that they do nothing towards advancing our æsthetic appreciation of the plot or character of the play—has been anticipated in a former paper. They are "gags"—*voilà tout*. CHARLES W. PHELPS.

TWENTY-THIRD REGULAR MEETING OF THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY, April 29, 1893.—Resident members elected: Albert Ellery Berg, Esq.; James A. Waldron, Esq.; Edwin Reed, Esq.; George Alfred Stringer, Esq.; W. Archibald Shaw, Jr., A.M.; Honorary member, Wilson Barrett, Esq. On motion, the minutes of the executive committee authorizing the issuing of all of the circulars announcing an extension or extensions of the *Bankside Shakespeare* heretofore issued, and all circulars heretofore issued in the name of the society, were approved. On motion, the secretary was directed to re-collect and cause to be engrossed the minutes of the executive committee from April 23, 1885, in a suitable shape for preservation. A communication from H. M. Doak, Esq., a corresponding member, was read.* After discussion, and it appearing that the editor of the *Bankside Shakespeare* and the clerk of the publication committee had received many letters to the same effect, it was resolved "that, if found expedient to resume the publication of the *Bankside Shakespeare* upon the same terms as heretofore, the same should be resumed and extended to include the Plays not printed in Quarto."

The following certificate was read and ordered filed:

"I, Geo. F. Wanson, the teller appointed at an election for trustees held on the second Monday in April, being the tenth day of April in

* Printed *ante*, p. 116, in April SHAKESPEARIANA.

the year 1893, do hereby certify as follows, to wit: That the polls were declared open at ten o'clock A.M., at No. 21 Park Row in the City of New York, and remained open until 10:30 A.M. of said tenth day of April, 1893; that eleven votes were cast, and that the following named persons received the number of votes placed opposite their respective names for trustees of the Shakespeare Society of New York and were elected: George L. Baker, eleven votes; Appleton Morgan, eleven votes; Albert R. Frey, eleven votes; Harrison Gray Fiske, eleven votes; Will. O. Bates, eleven votes. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this tenth day of April, 1893.

GEORGE F. WANSON."

(Seal.)

The amendments to the by-laws proposed at the meeting of Jan. 26 were read and approved and the said amendments adopted. The secretary reported that he had received a letter from Henry Irving, Esq., accepting the honorary membership tendered him by the society. On motion, the secretary was instructed to proceed to print a year-book of the society, to contain the articles of incorporation, constitution and by-laws and list of members, with such other matters as might be proper. On motion, adjourned.

ALBERT R. FREY, *Recording Secretary*.

IN Dr. Rolfe's invaluable "Shakespeariana" in *The Critic* of May 27, 1893, "a lady in Illinois" asks the learned doctor for some quotations from Shakespeare about architecture, and he sends her these:

"The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples," etc.

(*Tempest*, IV., i., 140.)

"Fertile the aisle, the temple much surpassing,
The common praise it bears."

(*Winter's Tale*, III., i., 2.)

"This most excellent canopy, the air."

(*Hamlet*, II., iii., 5.)

This issue also has an "ad" of a magazine which prints the valuable papers on Browning read in the young ladies' Browning societies of this great land, and of which the learned doctor is an "editor," which states, among other things, that this magazine is "the best exponent of pure literature in this country, and is rapidly gaining in favor with the most cultivated class of readers and students."

BY an inadvertence there was quoted without comment in our last issue of this department (April, p. 118) an item from the learned Dr. Rolfe anent the late Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' alleged error as to the "Good frend for Jeasus' sake Forbeare" gravestone. Our intention had been to append to that item our unqualified disapproval of it, instead of giving it our sanction by letting it stand uncontradicted, as our printers managed to leave it. It is not too late now, and we deem it a matter of sufficient importance, to say that Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps, in the conservative leisure which abundant wealth supplies, in the calm deliberation of his scrutiny, and in the loving care to which he subordinated every other interest, was rarely led away by zeal alone into extravagant or unverified statements as to Shakespearian archives or antiquities. Had he been the editor of a youth's Shake-

speare in a weekly journal, with the clamor for "copy" constantly in his ears, he might perhaps have fallen into error through the best of motives. But he had no clamor in his ears. And there was no youth's department at Hollenbury Copse! But as to the merits. We ourselves once declared in these pages, that no one who had ever seen the slab of stone over Shakespeare's grave would believe that it was cut, placed and pointed two hundred and seventy-seven years ago. When Halliwell-Phillipps discovered the date of the duplication of the original stone, therefore, it was a confirmation not only of all common sense, but of our own explicit conviction.

But if, out of courtesy to Dr. Rolfe, we carefully examined his present reasons for rejecting Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' statement, we should all the more reject the good doctor's personal assessment of probabilities. That a Mr. Kite (who is dead) knew, when alive, an ancestor of his own, who was willing to be took down in 'ritin', that he (Kite's ancestor) never knew anything about something to which his (the aforesaid ancestor's) attention was never called; and that, on Dr. Rolfe's attention being called to a Mr. Fox's statement *aliunde* of what Kite's grandfather did not tell his (Kite's) father, and so presumably did not mention to Kite: although all the above (to wit, Kite's grandfather, Kite's father and Kite himself), everybody in the case except Dr. Rolfe, in fact, had been gravediggers man and boy on those grounds for five and thirty years, is not overwhelmingly conclusive to anything in particular perhaps. We should, we think, prefer on the whole an affidavit from the parish beadle or the charwoman, to pronounce that it is already proved and will go far to be thought so shortly!

It is curious—or rather it is not at all curious, considering the methods—that the Rolfe's comment on things Shakespearian that nobody calls in a stone-mason and asks him baldly whether a stone that looks to-day, in 1893, like this—perfectly four square, perfectly pointed, without a stain or groove or chipping—is two hundred and eighty-six years old! It is in preference to a summary little bit of practical commentary like this that Dr. Rolfe proceeds to give his own opinion and to bolster it by demonstrating how often Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps was wrong, and how often he (Rolfe) set him right; and even how, on one occasion, Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps actually thanked him (Rolfe), and remarked, "What a fool I am!" which remark, delivered with all that suave courtesy which marked Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' demeanor with every one, Dr. Rolfe, who did not see the twinkle in that kindly eye, took quite *au sérieux*, and has been quoting ever since.

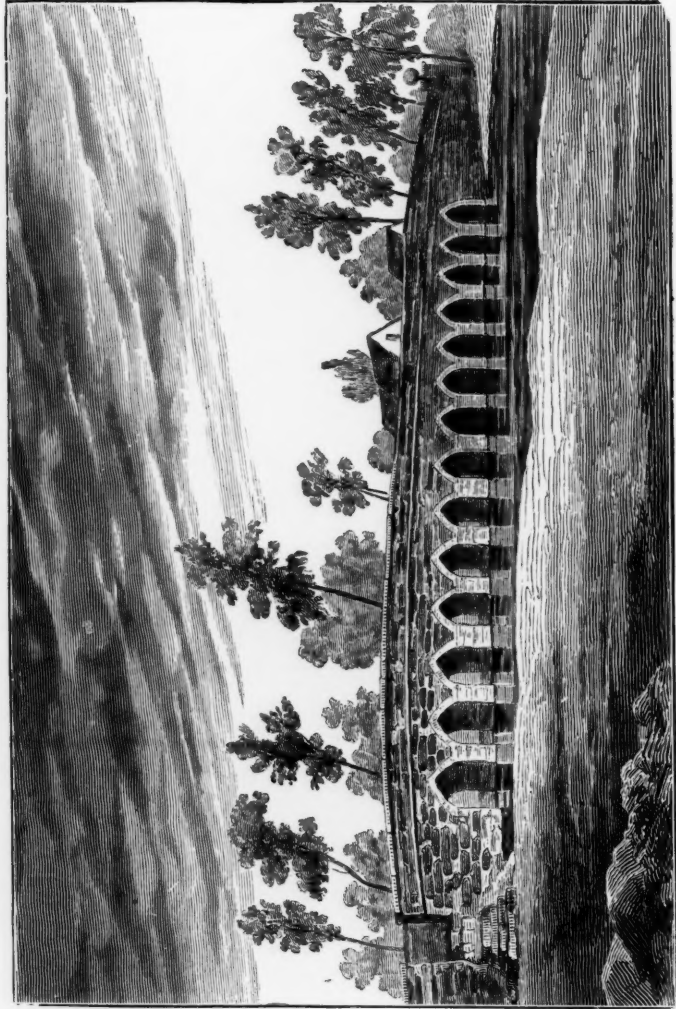
THE NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY has begun to reprint in its *Bankside* edition, the archaic texts of the seventeen plays first printed in the Heminges and Condell Folio of 1623. The first of these plays, *The Tempest*, will leave the press in a few days. Of these new volumes but 500 copies are printed, as before, hand numbered to correspond with the 500 sets of the prior twenty volumes, with which they are of course uniform in style, size, price, etc.

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THE OLD CLOPTON BRIDGE ACROSS THE AVON AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON AS IT APPEARED IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME.

(From a sketch made by *Richard Green*, 1750.)